

THE ORIGINAL



ALMANACK



1911



BY JOHN HARTLEY.

THREE PENCE



THREE PENCE

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THE ORIGINAL Glock Almanack FOR 1911.

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

BY JOHN HARTLEY,

AUTHOR OF "YORKSHIRE LYRICS," "YORKSHIR PUDDIN," "YORKSHIRE DITTIES,"
"MALLY AN' ME," "SEETS I' LUNDUN," &c., &c.

"LIFE is what we make it,
Earnest, full of prayer;
Or aimless, useless, idle,
For just ourselves we care.
Oh! let us make it nobler,
For a greater life prepare."

B. G. BYROM.

"LAUGH a little while you may,
If you'd do mankind a good;
Do not let your smiles be chary,
Be a laughing missionary
To your suffering brotherhood."

"EACH day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you
by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life,—this is the golden, the
unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
TH' PREFACE	2	When aw wor Young	34
Here's Jolly Good Luck!	4	A Good Start	38
Old Capstick	8	Martha Ann	42
Did We but Know	12	Dick an Libby	43
Darby and Joan	16	Grimes turns Miser	51
Angels or Imps	20	Sammywell's Birthday Honored	57
Yo Bet!	24	Lost and Saved	59
Help these poor Kiddies	28	Yorksher Tykes at New Brighton	
Pity poor Jerrymiar!	29	Tower	62
In Memoriam of King Edward VII. 33		"Christian Charity?"	66

RAMBLING REMARKS AND PASSIN' THOWTS FOR EVERY MONTH.

WAKEFIELD: W. NICHOLSON AND SONS, LIMITED,
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Preface.

FORTY FIVE year old to-day. Gracious me! Ha time flies!

Ther's an old sayin 'at "Them 'at lives th' longest see th' mooast," but it isn't allus true, for ther's some fowk 'at goa throo th' world wi ther een shut, an when they come to ther journey's end they havn't seen mich. Ther's changes takkin place ivvery day an whether we nooatice em or net, they're all havin an effect on th' world at large. If theas changes wer for th' better i' wud be a gooid thing, but they arn't allus. Even th' climate changes. For this last year or two it seems to me 'at summer has gotten off th' track, or missed makkin th' reight connection somha. At onny rate, it's missed us an ther's noa daat we've missed it. Even th' crops 'at managed to come to maturity had to be harvested i'th' midst o' rain an fog. Farmers stand malankolly, wi ther hands i' ther pockets mutterin 'at they dooant know what th' world is commin to.

Well, awm a bit i'th' same way mysen. Just at th' present time nubdy seems to be mich interested i' owt but politics an religion;—two things they know varry little abaat. Writin a Almanac is, in a small way, net unlike runnin a government, for ivvery body seems to know ha it should be done, but nooan on em are able to do it. It's like a chap 'at's tried all maks o' trades an failed in em all, he can allus tell other fowk ha to mak a fortun. Yo can find onny amaant o' reformers, but it's allus somdy else they want to reform, it's nivver thersen. If ivvery noisey, haddle-pated chap could be sold at his own vallyation, ther'd be soa mich brass to share amang quiet sensible fowk, 'at they'd all have to pay double income tax. It's cappin to me 'at fowk cannot try to be content wi things as they are, asteead o' rantin an rowin abaat things they dooant understand. An wimmen! God bless em! they'll sooin be war nor th' men. Ov coorse, nubdy 'at's lived mich length o' time ivver expects to find a satisfied woman, unless it's a deead en, an awm net sewer abaat that. Ther's one lot 'at's gooin cranky abaat havin a vooat. Bless mi life! What does a woman want wi a vooat. If shoo's a single woman shoo'd far better be lukkin aght for a husband, an then shoo'll have booath a man an a vooat, for noa wed chap can say 'at th' vooat he has belongs to hissen, for his wife will have as mich to do wi it as he has. Aw know, becoss awm one on em. It reminds me ov what tuk place a deal o' years sin. Aw'll tell yo abaat it. Aw hadn't been wed varry long, when ther happened to be a election. Two chaps,—aw'll call em Green an Braan,—wor contestin as to which should represent Smithystake i'th' next parlyment. Braan wor th' man for me, but my wife favoured Green. Shoo knew nowt abaat awther on em, an aw admit aw didn't know mich, but we used to argy a deal abaat it. Aw sed aw should vooat for Braan becoss aw liked his principals, but shoo sed aw owt to vooat for Green becoss he'd a nicer face.

"What the deuce has th' face to do wi it," aw sed.

"It's ivvery thing to do wi it," shoo sed, "a saar lukkin mule like Braan is fit for nowt but to stand aghtside a doctor's shop an freeten fowk into fits. Aw say tha's to vooat for Green!"

Well, aw tried to tawk a bit o' sense into her an show her th' folly o' judgin fowk bi ther face, "As if facas caanted for owt," aw sed.

"Ther wor a time when they did," shoo sed, an shoo lukt at me wi them blue een o' hers, an aw had to admit ther wor, for shoo wor a bonny lass.

"Nah," aw says, "Aw dooant want us to differ abaat sich a foolish thing as a vooat, an when tha can gie me a better reason for why aw should vooat for Green, aw'll consider it."

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Soa shoo coom cloise up to me an puttin her hand on mi shoolder, shoo lukt me straight i'th' face wi them een o' hers,—(an shoo had grand een at that day,—they'd ha fotched a duck off th' watter,) an shoo sed wi a smile, "Tha knows, Sammywell, aw dooant pretend to know as mich abaat politics as thee, but aw think tha owt to vooat for Green, *just to please me.*"

"Ho, if tha puts it like that," aw sed,—but aw dooant remember nah what aw sed, but to mak a long stoory short, aw vooated for Green. It wor a feight between policy an principal an policy won. Yo may think aw wor varry soft, but aw've nivver regretted it, for Braan went rompin in wi a majority ov aboon a thaasand, though aw've sometimes wondered whether it wor me or Mally 'at cast that vooat.

It just comes to this,—if wimmen havn't vooats they've a wonderful influence ovver them who have, an that should content em.

Ther's few fowk use a vooat as they should, they belong to a party an if they suppoart a party ticket they think they've done ther duty.

They seldom think 'at

"Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side."

But that's enuff abaat vooats.

Kursmiss is a better subject for this time o'th' year. Ther's varry few fowk, men or wimmen who dooant feel ther hearts swell at thowts o' Kursmiss. Even them wi kittle stummacks find ther maaths watterin when they think ov rooast gooise an plum puddin, an if they darn't ait onny, they're no less anxious to prepare some for them 'at can. Well, aw feel sookay for onnybody who has a chance to enjoy gooid things at this season, but darn't, yet aw feel mooast for them poor souls who cannot get it to enjoy. Ther's few moor heart-sluffin seets nor a bare table on Kursmiss day. Yet ther's thaasands on em an they arn't far to seek.

It may be owing to ther own lazyness or extravagance, but that's nowt to do wi us, we're net here to judge awr naybors, it's awr duty to see, as far as we've paar, at ivvery belly shall be filled at a time like this, an we shalln't enjoy ayw own share onny less for havin helped some brother or sister to a portion. Aw pride mysen on bein a honest man, but befor awd sit an see mi childer cryin for food on Kursmiss day awd stail it. Aw know it saands awful to say sich a thing, but it isn't hawf as awful as a sick wife an clammin childer. Kursmiss owt to be a univarsal feeast for all christians, an bad luck to them who wod try to rob a poor soul ov his share.

"Observe how the chimneys
Do smook all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt,

But those on whose tables
No virtuels appear,
O, may they keep Lent
All the rest ov the year."

Awm net a rich chap,—aw nivver wor,—an aw nivver shall be, but aw've allus been able to scrape together enuff to have a bit ov a blow aght once a year. That's been a blessin an awm thankful for it.

Aw hooap 'at this comin year will be a fresh start for prosperity an plenty for us all. It's too mich to hooap 'at ther'll be noa moor poverty an sickness, but if we all strive, an ivvery one remember 'at we're all brothers an sisters, an do awr duty to one another, we can lessen pain an put pleasur in its place.

May yo all have enuff an to spare, an health to enjoy it. May gooid appetites an Merry hearts be th' lot ov all who read this book is the wish ov

Your Old Friend,

JOHN HARTLEY.

January]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 8th 20 min. past 6 a.m.
Full Moon, 14th 26 min. past 10 p.m.

Last Quar. 22nd 21 min. past 6 a.m.
New Moon, 30th 45 min. past 9 a.m.

1	S	1st Sun. aft. Christmas
2	M	Renew Licences
3	Tu	Eliot Warburton died 1852
4	W	S.S. Amazon burnt 1852
5	Th	Fu. of Sir Titus Salt 1877
6	F	EPIPHANY.
7	S	Retreat from Cabul 1842
8	S	1st Sun. aft. Epiphany
9	M	Napoleon III. died 1873
10	Tu	Penny Post introduced '40
11	W	Balkans crossed 1878
12	Th	1st Earl of Iddesleigh b. '87
13	F	Battle of Chillianwallah '49
14	S	Cardinal Manning died '92
15	S	2nd Sun. aft. Epiphany
16	M	Hartley Col. accident 1862
17	Tu	Lieut. Col. Burnaby k. 1885
18	W	German Empire pro. 1871
19	Th	Boiler explo. Batley '81
20	F	John Ruskin died 1900
21	S	(22) Queen Victoria d. 1901
22	S	3rd Sun. aft. Epiphany
23	M	Canon Kingsley died 1875
24	Tu	Indian Mutiny began 1857
25	W	Princess Royal mar. '58
26	Th	Ernest Jones died 1869
27	F	German Emp. W. II. b. '59
28	S	Gen. Gordan killed 1885
29	S	4th Sun. aft. Epiphany
30	M	Charles I. beheaded 1649
31	Tu	Guy Fawkes executed 1606

HERE'S JOLLY GOOID LUCK !

HERE'S jolly gooid luck to us all !
We're startin' another New Year ;
An noa matter whativer befall,
We'll have it to face wol we're here.
Some tawk ov Heaven's glory an peace,
Singin' "What must it be to be there,"
But when Deaath comes to grant em release,
They're all fain to stop whear they are.

This world has its trials an pains,
But it's net withaat pleasure an bliss,
An he's nobbut a fool who complains,
When his favorite scheeam goos amiss.
If we'd all th' orderation ov fate,
Awm feear'd a sad mullock we'll mak,
Things wod sooin be i' sich an a state,
We should pray for th' old way to come back.

Noa two fowk can iver agree
Abaat what things are wrang or are reight,
An it's useless for yo or for me
To try to mak cruckened things straight.
We're all foolis, aw think, moor or less,—
Ther's a diff'rence, ov coorse, i' degree,
Some have wisdom, may be, in excess,
But sich like are all strangers to me.

Aw think he shows gradely gooid wit,
Who maks th' best o' things as they are ;
An's content to put up wi a bit
Tho' his waggon's net hitched to a star.
Ambition's a varry gooid thing
If it pays an puts brass i' yor purse,
But riches are apt to tak wing,
An sometimes they prove a big curse.

We'll welcome gooid luck when it comes,
An trubbles we'll scare wi a grin :
We'll net sit daan suckin us thumbs,
But feight fair, an at last we shall win.
Tho' days may be dark or be breet,
We will face em wi courage an pluck,
An as sarten as day follows neet,
We shall win a fair share o' gooid luck.

Last New Year's day Jack Green detarmined to reform. He wor a varry daycent chap except for being too fond ov his whiskey. Soa he made his wife a promise 'at he'd nivver touch another drop for a twelvemonth unless he wor sick.

"Has Jack kept his resolution?" one ov his mates ax'd his wife.

"Eah," shoo sed, "but he's been sick iver sin he made it."

To KILL the Moth whose young
Grow fat, while your apparel eating,
Just scatter well—your Furs among—
The powder made by KEATING.

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RAMBLING REMARKS—JANUARY.

ANOTHER time we start aght for a year's ramblin. It's to be hooaped we shalln't get lost. We've come varry near it a time or two, but we've managed to land safely up to nah, an we mun trust to luck. When one tries for summat an fails he luks on it as a misfortun, but he's apt to forget 'at misfortuns are oft Blessins in disguise. A sensible chap knows 'at misfortunes, like other things, have a best side as weel as a worst. Aw've made it a rule, for a deecal o' years to allus mak th' best o'th' best an nivver to mak bad worse wi freeatin abaght it. That's why it is aw've been able to goa through life wi moor pleasure an less pain nor mooast fowk. Ther's nowt like a bit o' fillosofy for smoothin things ovver, an yo'll find it varry useful sometimes. If yo think sometimes 'at yo've a deecal moor worries nor yo have pleasures, just get a cleean slate an a bit o' pencil an write daan all yer trubbles on one side, an then turn it ovver an write all yer blessins on tother, an yo'll sooin see 'at yo've moor to be thankful for nor what yo have to grummel abaat. Dooant think abaat ha monny trubbles yo've had, but abaat ha monny yo've missed.

Washington Irving says, "Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it," soa, have a great mind. If all th' trubbles ov mankind wor heeaped up in a lump, an then equally shared aght amang us all, them 'at think thersen mooast put on, an miserable, wod be glad to have ther old trubbles back agean asteead o' th' new ens they'd gotten. If yo raily have a trubble, dooant brood ovver it; an whativver else yo do, dooant tawk abaat it.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth Must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline Your nectared wine:
But alone you must drink life's gall."

It's as natteral for pain to follow pleasure as it is for neet to folla day; an if it worn't soa, life wod be soa dull 'at we should all dee i'th dumps. What does Edwin Waugh say abaat it?

"If mon had been made for a bit ov a spree,
An th' world wor a marlockin schoo,
Wi nowt nobbut heytin, an drinkin, an glee,
An haliday gam to go throo,
He'd sicken afore His frolic wor o'er,
An feel he'd been born for a foo."

We worn't all born to be fooms, aw dooant think, but we mooastly manage to come varry near it. When aw've been i' onny trubble, if aw've takken misen seriously to think abaat it, aw've come to th' conclusion 'at its nobbut what aw've been seekin, an varry oft what aw've bowt an paid for. Well, experience is a grand schooil; it may cost a lot, but it's th' only way mooast on us gain sense. We're a dissatisfied lot, takkin us altogetther. If a chap braiks one leg he's sewer to say "aw wodn't ha cared so mich if it had been tother." If he knows two young lasses an weds one, it willn't be a month befoer he'll say, "if awd to wed ageean aw should do different."

If a chap works hard till he's old, an manages to save a bit a brass, he'll caant it ovver an say, "What's th' use on it to me, awm to old to enjoy it," an if he's spent all as fast as he gate it, when old age comes and finds him a pauper, he'll whine, "If awd mi time to do ageean awd live it different." But ten to one he wodn't! Soa what's it matter.

February]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 6th 28 min. past 3 p.m. | Full Moon, 13th, 38 min. past 10 a.m.
 Last Quar. 21st 44 min. past 3 a.m.

1	W	Glasgow Bank calamity 1879
2	Th	Lord Masham died 1906
3	F	Walter Bagehot born 1826
4	S	Queen Victoria buried 1901
5	S	5th Sun. aft. Epiphany
6	M	Coomassie burnt 1881
7	Tu	Charles Dickens b. 1812
8	W	Socialist Riot in Lon. '86
9	Th	Nelson buried 1806
10	F	Dreadnought launched 1906
11	S	Edward Bristow died 1876
12	S	Septuagesima Sunday
13	M	Lord Ran. Churchill b. 1849
14	Tu	ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
15	W	Hx. 1st lighted by Gas 1823
16	Th	Tindley Murray d. 1828
17	F	1st ves. thro' Suez Canal '65
18	S	George Peabody b. 1795
19	S	Seragesima Sunday
20	M	Princess Royal b. 1867
21	Tu	Battle of Goojerat 1849
22	W	Gen. Baden-Powel b. '57
23	Th	William Pitt d. 1806
24	F	Lord Clive born 1726
25	S	Menai Bridge op'd. 1825
26	S	Quinquagesima Sun.
27	M	Battle of Majuba Hill 1881
28	Tu	SHROVE TUESDAY.

PASSIN' THOWTS.

Some fowk nivver tire tawkin abaat th' dignity o' Labour, but they're mooastly hankerin after th' dignity.

Becoss a chap hankers after a divorce that's noa sign 'at he wants to be single.

Th' less religion a chap has an th' moor he'll fratch abaat it.

If ivver yo meet a woman who says shoo's wedded to th' stage, nivver entice her to commit bigamy or yo'll regret it.

It's dangerous to bang a baancin babby on th' floor to see if its made o' indyrubbur if its mother's abaat.

It isn't as bad to worry ovver what yo haven't got as to have to worry ovver what yo have.

It's easier for a chap to face his debts nor to face th' fowk he owes em to.

If a chap's poor he's set daan to ha been a bad manager, if he's rich, he's been a thief.

Sol Sugg lived at Stairfoot; he wor a collier, an wor lukt on as a varry steady, sensible chap. One day he had to goa to th' funeral ov one ov his mates. When he went hooam to get dressed he faand 'at he'd noa white shirt to put on, an he couldn't think o' gooin in th' fancy flannel an he'd been wearin.

"Ne'er heed," sed his wife, "tha mun wear a dicky, it'll do as weel."

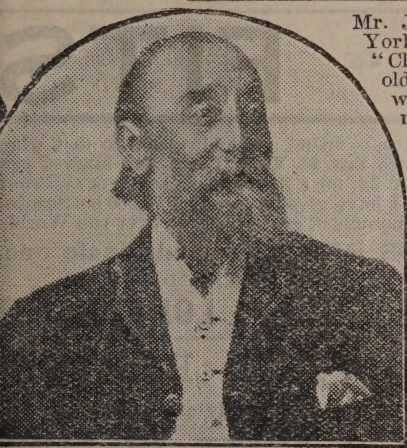
He did soa, an away he went. It wor lat when he gate back an he lukt blue. "If tha thinks a dicky will do as weel as a shirt tha owt to try one. Awm ommost starved to deeach," he sed.

"Sarve thi reight for gooin baght shirt," his wife sed.

MR. JOHN HARTLEY

Author of this Almanack says:—

"Veno's is my favourite medicine."



Mr. John Hartley.

Mr. John Hartley, the celebrated Yorkshire poet, and author of the "Clock Almanack," &c., &c., an old gentleman 70 years of age, writing from 11, Sea View-Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire, says: "For many years I have used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and always found it a perfect remedy for coughs, colds, & bronchial troubles. It has never failed to cure me, and is my favourite medicine."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is now recognised the world over as the standard remedy for all affections of chest, throat, and lungs. It is guaranteed free from all dangerous drugs, and in cases of Bronchitis, Asthma, and Chronic Bronchial troubles it is the finest

medicine procurable, as it does not simply relieve but radically cures.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

**COUGHS & COLDS,
BRONCHITIS,
LUNG TROUBLES,
INFLUENZA,**

**9 1 D
2**

A BOTTLE.

**ASTHMA,
NASAL CATARRH,
CHILDREN'S COUGHS,
OLD-AGE COUGHS.**

Larger Sizes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists.

A Special offer for Catarrh Sufferers accompanies each bottle.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.



FAC-SIMILE.

The UNION LABEL, as above, is printed in Black Ink on Pink Paper, and is placed UNDER THE LEATHER in UNION MADE HATS by the WORKPEOPLE ONLY, during Manufacture.

Look for the LABEL, and BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS.

THOMAS MALALIEU, General Secretary, 113, Manchester Rd., DENTON.

Felt Hatters' and Trimmers' Unions

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Do you think we advertise for Fun, or just to get rid of our surplus cash? If so, you are mistaken. We advertise to propagate a great Principle! We want a Fair day's Pay for a Fair day's Work, and we want it for everybody. You, the consuming public, are our real employers. The Retail Merchant, and Manufacturer are only your mediums—a means to the end. We really work for you. You expect Fair Wages. We want you to pay Fair Wages. We want you to wear a smart Felt Hat—a Stylish Up-to-date Felt Hat—one made by skilled Trade Union Workpeople.

You may do all this, and live up to your own principles and desires, but you will insist at all times that the Trade Union Label is under the leather when purchasing a Felt Hat.

Don't Worry!
use "Elepizone" for
and get well!

FITS!

Mind,

I don't ask you to spend money in order to test whether my remedy does, or does not, cure Fits. St. Vitus' Dance, and kindred nervous troubles. All I ask is that you send 3d. for a free sample bottle (a week's supply) and try it, "It speaks for itself!" I have given away over 70,000 bottles during the past 20 years, and have testimonials of cures from all over the World.

It is a MARVELLOUS REMEDY, and a safe one.

Approved by the Medical Profession.

PREPARED ONLY BY

H. G. ROOT, Co.,

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ST. JOHN'S WOOD,

LONDON, N.W.

ASTROLOGICAL

Calculations, Horoscopes,
and Private Advice.

Mr. J. W. HERSCHELL, of Frome, Somerset, will forward his Circular to any applicant. Twenty-two years' large practice has given him an unrivalled acquaintance with every phase of human anxiety, and expert knowledge for advising his clients. Best work only. Moderate charges. Surprising results.

YOUR HOROSCOPE

Properly explained is a real

GUIDE IN LIFE,

a CHART showing the latent possibilities of yourself; the health and constitution; the financial prospects, good times and the reverse who, and when to marry; where to travel what to seek and what to avoid; the best profession or business you are adapted for; the right times to push, and when to do little. It tells you things definitely and clearly on every concern of life. Mr. HERSCHELL guarantees satisfaction to his clients.

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S CELEBRATED SPECIALITIES.

"BABY'S SOAP."
"The Original."

A Superior Mild Soap for Babies, Children and Adults with Tender Skin. Invaluable in the Nursery. Delicately perfumed. It floats in the Bath. PRICE 6d. or, post free 6 Stamps, or with large special Wooden Bowl and Brush complete 4s. 6d.



INVALUABLE at all SEASONS of the YEAR. It Softens and Cools the Hands, Face and Skin after Exposure to the Sun, or Roughness and Chaps through Cold & Wind. Over 40 years' Increasing Demand. Sold in Metallic Tubes, 6d., 1/-, 1/6.

Sold by Chemists & Stores, or Post Free on Receipt of Stamps by OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN, 19, Golden Square, Regent Street, LONDON, W. Sample Tube post free 2d. Stamps.

RAMBLING REMARKS—FEBRUARY.

THIS month is a bit like me,—it's allus short, but aw nivver heeard onny-body find fault wi it on that accaant. Mooast fowk, an awm one on em, think it's long enuff considerin ha it behaves. It can be pleasant when it feels that way, but yo'd better net put trust in it. It's mooastly nooated for rain an snow and east winds 'at when they bite yo at th' front goa cleean throo to yor back. It's as peevish as Jannewary, as uncertain as April, as gloomy as November an as cold as Kursmiss. When it feels a bit frolics-som it gives yo ivvery disagreeable characteristic ov ivvery other month, wi a free sample ov its own, an convinces yo at th' poet who sang, "It is not always May," knew what he wor singin abaath, an that's moor nor a lot o' present day poets do.

Yo'll be capt when aw tell yo 'at aw've a sneakin love for this month, but aw have, an aw've felt it for fully 40 year, an as they say abaath "Grape Nuts," there's a reason. When aw wor a lad, abaath ten year old, aw wor sittin an langin for a fairy to come an bring me a fortun, so as aw could buy all th' sweet stuff ther wor in th' winder ov a spice shop. Well, wod yo believe it? Just at that time summat happened. In a naybor's haase, near by, wor born what proved to be, if net mi Fortun, at onnyrate mi Fate. Ov coorse, aw didn't know it at that time, but it proved true enuff, for abaath twenty year after that, chance threw us together, an aw wor booked reight enuff. All th' world lukt varry lovely then, tho' it wor February, an throo that day to this if owt goos wrang, aw've been schooilin missen to believe, "It mud ha been war," an when in a hobble, an aw've been in a few i' mi time, to allus strive to mak th' best on it, an trust to luck.

It's a queer world is this an th' fowk 'at's in it are mackly. One thing awm sewer on,—we could mak it a deaal better nor it is if we'd to try, but we're mooastly all too lazy to try, an we jog along, feelin satisfied if we can save ussen trubble, an too thowless abaath what trubble we cause other fowk.

"They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there;
But one sad truth in life I've found,
While journeying east and west,

The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow,
To those who love us best."

It's true enuff is that. Yo may see samples ov sich things onnyday if yo goa into yor naybor's haases. Tite Buckley is as fond ov his wife as mooast men, an praad on her too. Aw went to their haase to mi drinkin one day, an ther wor a woman thear at aw knew Tite hated th' seet on; but wol we wor gettin us teah this woman let her spoon fall, an ommost befor it touched th' graand, Tite jumpt up an ran raand th' table to sam it up for her, an he handed it to her as if he'd been presentin a flaar to a queen.

"Thank yo," shoo sed, "awm sorry to give yo soa mich trubble."

"Noa trubble at all," sed Tite, as he held his britches up, for he'd brast his gallus button off wi bendin. Sooin after his wife had to get up to get summat, an as shoo wor turnin raand, shoo fell ovver th' rockin cheer an bumped her heead agean th' table leg.

"Nah then, clumsy! what are ta dooin? Seems to me tha's made up thi mind to smash summat befor tha goos to bed!" he sed. He didn't offer to help her up, an when shoo sat nursin her heead, he sed, "Sarve thi reight, tha'll leearn moor sense in a bit."

An yet, Tite loved his wife better nor owt else i'th' world. It's queer isn't it. But ther's lots like Tite.

March]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

New Moon, 1st 31 min. past 0 a.m.

First Quar. 7th 2 min. past 11 p.m.

Full Moon, 14th 59 min. past 11 p.m.

Last Quar. 23rd 26 min. past 0 a.m.

1	W	ASH WEDNESDAY.
2	Th	Horace Walpole d. 1797
3	F	George Odger died 1877
4	S	Forth Bridge op'd. 1890
5	S	1st Sunday in Lent
6	M	H. M. S. Sultan sunk 1888
7	Tu	J. R. Green historian d. '83
8	W	Seige of Lucknow 1858
9	Th	Chartist Riot Bradford 1848
10	F	Edward VII. married 1863
11	S	General Outram died 1863
12	S	2nd Sunday in Lent
13	M	Bloemfontein occu. 1900
14	Tu	King of Italy b. 1844
15	W	Lord Melbourne born 1779
16	Th	Duchess of Kent d. 1861
17	F	ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
18	S	Princess Louise b. 1848
19	S	3rd Sunday in Lent
20	M	(19) Livingstone born 1813
21	Tu	SPRING COMMENCES.
22	W	Goethe, poet, died 1832
23	Th	Viscount Milner born 1854
24	F	Charlotte Yonge died 1901
25	S	LADY DAY.
26	S	4th Sunday in Lent
27	M	John Bright died 1889
28	Tu	Duke of Albany died 1884
29	W	Rev. John Keble d. 1866
30	Th	Peace with Russia 1856
31	F	Census Day 1901

OLD CAPSTICK.

OWD CAPSTICK, he lived in a cot bi hissen,
 He seemed allus content as a king ;
 He'd nawther be bothered wi winmen nor men,
 Quite prepared for what each day might bring.
 He had allus a smile on his jolly red face,
 An he'd join in a song or a chime,
 When aw axt him his saycret, he sed, " It's a case
 Ov just livin one day at a time."

" If fowk want to be happy they should be content

To tak matters just as they are,
 Believin it's best to accept things as sent,
 Lest wi meddlin we but mak em war.
 Ivvery man gets a share ov gooid fortun or ill,
 An it's wise to tak all wi a smile,
 Tho' advarsity may prove a moost bitter pill,
 Yo'll get used to it after a while."

Yo'll find it's off wise to forget things 'at's past,
 An net to trust th' futur too mich,
 Like Capstick, keep cooil an dooant hurry too fast,
 Nor be anxious to live an dee rich.
 A'a, bless yo ! When th' time comes 'at yo have
 to quit,

Nawther riches nor poverty 'll caant ;
 For fame, gold, an treasures yo'll net care a bit,
 Nor bother abaat ther amaant.

For all worldly gains, whether little or great,
 Yo'll leeav all things yo've struggled to save ;
 A long wooden box wi a name an a date,
 Will be all yo can tak to yor grave.
 If yo've lived a gooid life, yo'll ha nowt to regret,
 Yo can dreeam ov the glories to come ;
 An when Deeach stops yor breeath yo'll net need
 to fret,

For yo'll know yo're just startin for hooam.

Then worry noa moor abaat what has to be,
 Tho' yor days may be sad or sublime,
 Ther's One up aboon knows what's suited to thee,
 Soa have faith ;—live one day at a time.

" Why, Sam, tha luks like a fooil !" sed old Snigg to his son who had just come hooam throo th' college, " Tha luks moor an moor like a consayted dude an a nincompoop th' older tha gets !"

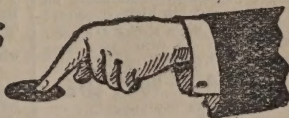
Just then a friend dropt in. " Hello," he sed, " Glad to see thee, Sam, aw declare tha grows moor like thi feyther ivvery day !"

" Eeah,—that's just what he's been tellin me," sed Sam.

WHAT WAS SAID 20 years ago,
is true now, that

Homocea

**TOUCHES
THE
SPOT**



HOMOCEA never fails, because in HOMOCEA we have the embodiment of the best healing properties known to the medical world. It is immediately absorbed by the skin, and then penetrates to the seat of the disease.

"It touches the spot" and it cures all kinds of Skin Troubles, such as

ECZEMA, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, CHAFES, BOILS, PIMPLES, RASHES, BITES & STINGS, SWELLINGS, SORETHROAT, ULCERATIONS, &c.

It soothes while it heals. Kills Pain, Irritation and Inflammation. Try it now, and keep it handy, for the 101 accidents and mishaps incidental to daily life.

1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per tin.

For the relief and Cure of PILES it is a speciality, and for this distressing malady is also used in the form of "HOMOLOIDS" (Suppositories).

Boxes of 2 dozen, 2s. 9d. post free.

Of BOOTS, Cash Chemists, Stores and Chemists everywhere.



HOMOCEA, Limited, Offices & Works,
Scrubbs Lane, Willesden,
LONDON, N.W.



Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.
 'The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed.'

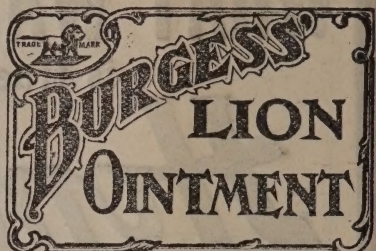
Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—'He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me.'

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/- for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a
FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE
 from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. T. N. ZAZRA,
 90, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.
 A Professional Man writes:—YOU

ASTONISH & HELP

**AMPUTATION AVOIDED
 THE KNIFE SUPERSEDED.**



Is a **SURGICAL OINTMENT** and a **TOILET PREPARATION** in one. Will **REMOVE a TUMOUR** or a **DECAYED BONE**, or **SOOTHE** and soften a **TENDER SKIN**.

Harmless to an infant, and yet most powerful where there is morbid matter or Inflammation.

Those suffering from **Varicose Ulcers**, **Poisoned Wounds**, **Glandular Abscess**, **Diseased Bone**, **Fatty or Cystic Tumours**, **Piles**, **Fistula**, **Lupus Rodens**, **Eczema**, **Psoriasis**, **Ringworm**, or **Simple Cuts**, **Burns**, **Scalds**, or **Abrasions**, will find nothing to equal it. Invaluable for all **Inflammatory Diseases** of the **Chest** and **Throat**. Its sale is **WORLD-WIDE**, and **THOUSANDS** of testimonials have been received.

Of all Chemists everywhere, price 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/- per box, or of
E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn-road, London.
Advice sent gratis.

Nature's Perfect Remedy for all kinds of Worms.

WILLIAMS' (Pontardawe) Worm Lozenges

For nearly fifty Years this highly Valuable Remedy has met with the Greatest Success. The effect upon Weak, Delicate Children (often given up as incurable) is like magic. Getting rid of his tormenting pests, by taking these Lozenges, the thin, pale-faced inanimate Child becomes strong, healthy, and lively; the pride, instead of anxiety, of his guardians.

Sir,—I have for some time used your Anthelmintic or Worm Lozenges in my family, and find them a very speedy and efficacious cure for Ascarides, and their agreeable and convenient form is a great recommendation to children. **W. HUTCHINSON, Vicar of Howden, Yorkshire.**

SYMPTOMS.—Any of the following symptoms indicate worms:—**Variable appetite**, **fœtid breath**, **acid eructations**, **pains in the stomach and head**, **sickness**, **grinding of the teeth during sleep**, **dreams and restlessness**, **picking of the nose**, **palleness of the countenance**, **hardness and fullness of the belly**, **slimy stool with occasional griping pains**, more particularly about the navel, **stitches in the side**, **short dry cough and emaciation of the body**, often mistaken for **decline**, **nervousness**, **slow fever** and **irregular pulse**, **faintness**, sometimes **convulsive fits**, often causing **sudden death**; **heat and itching about the anus**, which often causes them to be mistaken for **piles**, **dizziness**, **sore throat**, and **inflammation of the bowels**. The above symptoms vary according to the kind of Worms.

The Lozenges contain nothing detrimental to the constitution, and are suitable for all ages.

WILLIAMS' (Pontardawe) Worm Lozenges are prepared from the Original Recipe by
JOHN DAVIES, M.P.S., Chemist, 30, High Street, SWANSEA.
 And sold by most Chemists at 9½d., 13½d., and 2s. 9d. per box; by post 14 or 34 stamps.
 Protected by the Government Stamp, on which are engraved the words
"WILLIAMS' WORM LOZENGES."

RAMBLING REMARKS—MARCH.

WHEN this month comes we begin to luk for Spring. Spring's due to start this month, but it doesn't allus, for Nature seems to get mixed up a bit sometimes, an when we wander aght expectin to find sunshine an flairs, an to hear birds singin ther matin songs, we find astead—frost an sleet, an hear howlin winds 'at warn us to get back hooam agean as sooin as we can, an leearn to have patience an wait. "All things come to him 'at waits," they tell us, an noa daat it's true, but it taks a long time waitin, an it's just possible if yo wait wol it does come, yo've given ovver caring whether it comes or net. It's like it is when a wife is waitin up for her husband. Shoo's pratty sewer he'll come, an shoo'll sit daan cheerfully to lissen for th' saand ov his clogs, but after a while shoo begins to fidget an fume, an it's just sooin gets mad, an if he still doesn't show up, shoo begins to feel shoo's a varry illused woman, an shoo's sewer he's spendin his time somewhear 'at's nooan reight, an then when he does come, shoo willn't hear a word ov explanation, an tells him he'd better goa back to *her* an stick to *her*, for shoo's put up wi his gooins on as long as shoo meean's to do, an if shoo'd takken nooatice ov her mother's warnin befoor shoo wor wed, shoo wodn't ha been shoved o' one side for a hussy like yond; an if it wor'n't for th' sake o'th' childer, shoo wodn't stop wi him another day!" an a lot moor aggravatin tawk o'th' same sooart, tho' shoo knows ther isn't a word o' tweth i' owt shoo says, an then shoo'll start sniftin at th' back ov her apron, an goa up to bed an lig as near th' edge as shoo can get, an when he comes shoo'll sigh an grooan like a sick caah an keep him waken wol dayleet thinkin her th' mooast unreasonable woman 'at ivver a chap had to live wi; an at braikfast next mornin they sit anent one another lukkin as glumpy as two pot mules; but bi dinner time things will have gotten into ther old rut, an if he should mention to her owt shoo sed th' neet befoor, shoo'll declare 'shoo nivver uttered sich a word, for shoo knew him better nor that.' This is nooan a fancy sketch, sich things happen i' scoors o' workin fowk's hooams. Well, yo know, chaps, when a woman's put aght a bit, her tongue is her safety valve, soa tak noa nooatice but see 'at it doesn't happen agean if yo can help it. Whativver else, dooant fratch abaat it,

"It doesn't do to take offence
As each imaginary slight,
A man will show a heap more sense
If he can rein his temper tight,

Ov course he may be in the right,
His patience may be sorely tried;
But then there is no use to fight,—
Just let it slide."

Hi,—if yo want to mak a success o' wedded life yo mun be prepared to give an tak a bit sometimes. If yo get blamed for a fault 'at isn't yors, be quiet. Time'll prove all things. Keep a cleean conscience an a clear heead, an mak as leet ov yor troubles as yo can.

"Laugh a little if yo can;
Every one has loads of care,
All around us everywhere."

And so many thorns are pricking,
And so many pins are sticking

If ivver yo've a bit o' spare time an yo feel like gooin aght huntin a bit, hunt for pleasure, sorrow'll come withaat seekin. A'a, aw wish aw could get a lot on yo into my way o' thinkin, ther'd be a lot moor leetsom hearts an smilin faces. Soa monny fowk think its wisdom to prepare to meet trouble. Net a bit on it, it's folly! Th' time to deaal wi trouble is when it comes. At th' time awm writin this ther's scoors o' fowk aw know 'at's freeatin becoss they're sewer it'll be weet on Good Friday, an they know no moor abaat it nor th' man i'th' moonin. Awm expectin it'll be fine, an if it isn't, bless mi life! umbrellas are cheeap enuff. Freeatin willn't alter things!

April]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 6th 55 min. past 5 a.m.

Last Quar. 21st 36 min. past 6 p.m.

Full Moon, 13th, 37 min. past 2 p.m.

New Moon, 28th 25 min. past 10 p.m.

1	S	ALL FOOL'S DAY.
2	S	5th Sunday in Lent
3	M	(2) Richard Cobden d. 1865
4	Tu	Oliver Goldsmith d. 1774
5	W	W. E. Forster died 1886
6	Th	John Francis died 1882
7	F	P. T. Barnum d. 1892
8	S	Lord Chatham died 1778
9	S	Palm Sunday
10	M	General Booth born 1829
11	Tu	Amr. Civ. War ended 1865
12	W	Lord Rodney's victory 1782
13	Th	Magdala captured 1868
14	F	GOOD FRIDAY.
15	S	Cardinal Vaughan b. 1832
16	S	Easter Sunday
17	M	Benj. Franklin died 1790
18	Tu	Relief of Chitral 1895
19	W	Lord Beaconsfield d. 1881
20	Th	Napoleon III. born 1808
21	F	Burdett Coutts b. 1814
22	S	Odessa bombarded 1854
23	S	Low Sunday
24	M	Russo-Turkish War com. '77
25	Tu	Princess Alice b. 1843
26	W	Gabriel Rossetti d. 1854
27	Th	Sir Henry Parkes d. 1896
28	F	Queen pro. Em. of I'a '76
29	S	Lord Avebury b. 1834
30	S	2nd Sunday aft. Easter

PASSIN' THOWTS.

Circumstances cannot mak karakter but karakter can an does create circumstances.

If yo know a lass who is "a dreeam" dooant wakken her wi weddin her.

A chap 'at does gooid sooin grows to be gooid.

Sorrow wod be hard to bide if it worn't for Hope.

Its better i' this world to have a thick heead nor a thin skin.

If fowk wer as free wi ther brass as they are wi ther advice ther'd be fewer fowk i' want.

He shows a love for economy, when he leaves in his will, his door plate for his coffin lid.

We could all do wonderful things if we'd brass enuff, but its that little word "if," at upsets things.

A chap withaat faults should be pounced aght o' society,—he's a danger to society. Awm nooan afecard o' gettin pounced.

"Aw should think Tim Slack must have enjoyed hissen moor nor onny man livin. Doesn't ta think soa, lass?"

"Why, aw dooant think soa, for he luks miserable enuff. What's put that idea into thi heead?"

"He tell'd me this morning 'at a man wor nivver as happy as when he wor makkin a fool ov hissen, an he's lived a long time."

"Well, tha's net mich to complain abaat for tha'rt ommost as old."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast
& after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so
much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

LATE OF BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

A REPUTATION OF 50 YEARS is sufficient evidence of the extraordinary efficacy of

HARDY'S BROMPTON CONSUMPTION & COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER.

When all other remedies fail—IT CURES. Recommended by Medical Specialists and supplied to the aristocracy. 1/1¹/₂ and 2/9 of all Chemists and Boots' stores, or post free from G. HARDY, Dept. C.A. 42, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

NO BUNKUM!

There is no humbug about

DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

It is simply a GOOD, GENUINE, OLD FASHIONED Ointment which has stood the test of time without any blatant puffing, without bogus testimonials and false promises.

For 100 years and more it has sold on its merits both at home and abroad, and every year we send it to the principal Colonies and British Possessions beyond the sea.

It heals and cures Wounds, & Skin Diseases, Sore Eyes, Chapped Lips, Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, many forms of Eczema, &c.

DR. ROBERTS' ALTERATIVE PILLS

should be taken if there is impurity of the blood or a scrofulous condition of the system.

PRICES 1/1¹/₂, 2/9, 4/6 &c., or send P.O.O. and mention this Almanack for 2/-, 4/6, or 7/6 to

BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd.,
BRIDPORT, for a pot and box of each.

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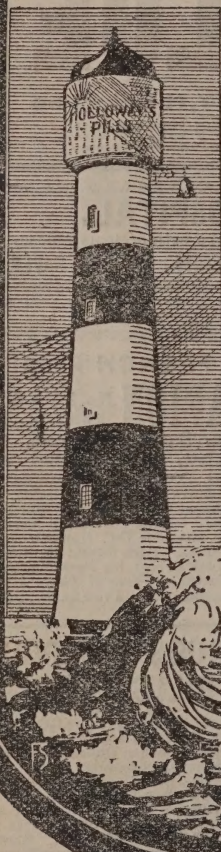
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RAMBLING REMARKS—APRIL.

"APRIL, spoiled child, comes with his frets and tears,
Mark how he frowns and sulks until he cries;
One moment happy, then depressed by fears—
Convulsed at will by smiles or whimpering sighs."

SUNSHINE an shaars,—smiles an tears,—hooaps an disappointments are what we luk forrad to this month. Well, we're varry likely to get it. Ther's nowt aw know on 'at represents wedded life better nor April. Wedded life is allus full ov surprises. Sometimes it's full ov disappointments. It's what fine writers call "a ordeal". Yo've summat to goa throo after th' weddin sarimony. Ther's one gooid thing abaath it at onny rate,—if a chap's onny consait abaath him he stands a gooid chonce ov gettin it knockt aght on him. It reminds me o' Bob Stiff, befoor he gat wed he wor consaited enuff to fancy he could do owt he set his mind to, better nor onnybody else, an at love makkin he wor summat extra. He'd been wed abaath three months when he wor tawkin things over wi his wife, but he worn't boostin mich for he'd gotten his consait clipt a bit. "Nay, Bob," sed his wife, "aw have to laff when aw think abaath ha tha acted when tha made up to me." "Ho, eeah,—why ha wor that?"

"Why, tha acted like a fool."

"Aw remember abaath it," he sed, "but tha'rt wrang thear. 'It worn't acting'." He wished it had been, but he couldn't alter things.

"'Tis thus with seer and poet too,
For they are folk—and know it—who
Are acting all day long;
Although their griefs are various,

Some real and some vicarious,
And half their thoughts nefarious,
They wear a mask hilarious,
And cheat the world with song."

That may do for th' world but it willn't do for th' wife. If a wife doesn't love her husband, th' world is a failure for him. Aw nobbut know one sewer way ov gettin a woman to love yo, that is to mak her believe some other woman does. If that willn't stir her up, it's a bad case. Some fowk believe i' love at furst seet. Well that all depends on what he sees. If he sees her bank book wi a gooid raand sum to her credit, that's enuff for some fowk, but that's nobbut a case o' loving what shoo has an net what shoo is. Experience has tow't me 'at mooast chaps love a lass for what shoo isn't, an after th' novelty gets worn off, th' question he axes hissen, an connot answer, is what it wor he wed her for. Net 'at he's dissatisfied, but he thinks if he'd his time to do ageean, well, he'd do different, that's all. Aw've niver met a woman 'at's been wed a year 'at doesn't think shoo could ha done better if shoo'd waited a bit.

Aw hear fowk say sometimes 'at ther should nivver be onny saycret between a man an his wife, but aw know different. If young couples had to tell all they think to one another, ther'd be fewer lovin an contented old fowk livin together. They may have had ther bits o' storms, but then they've had ther gleams o' sunshine, too. It's th' unsartenty ov this month 'at give it sich a charm, an tho' we grummel at it, we glory in it. If life wor all sweets we should grow sick on it, an should pray for some bitters for a change. A chap may have a sweet tooth, but he wodn't like to live long on traitle toffy, he'd relish a bit o' pickle befoor long. If we try to keep th' band i'th' nick we shall find things will move along varry nicely an we needn't despair.

Despair is never quite despair—

Nor life, nor death the future closes,
And around the shadowy brow of care,
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

May]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 5th 14 min. past 1 p.m.
Full Moon, 13th 10 min. past 6 a.m.

Last Quar. 21st 23 min. past 9 a.m.
New Moon, 28th 24 min. past 6 a.m.

1	M	Duke of Connaught b. '50
2	Tu	Meyerbeer died 1864
3	W	Clocks introduced 1638
4	Th	Paris Bazaar disaster 1897
5	F	Napoleon I. died 1821
6	S	King Edward VII. d. 1910
7	S	3rd Sun. aft. Easter
8	M	(7) Lord Rosebery b. 1847
9	Tu	Stonewall Jackson d. '63
10	W	Indian Mutiny began '57
11	Th	Mr. Perceval shot 1812
12	F	Gulf of Aden sunk 1890
13	S	OLD MAY DAY.
14	S	4th Sun. aft. Easter
15	M	Daniel O'Connell d. '47
16	Tu	Earl of Elgin born 1849
17	W	King Alphonso XIII. b. '86
18	Th	1st Peace Conference met '99
19	F	France an Empire 1804
20	S	Great flood at Driffield 1910
21	S	Rogation Sunday
22	M	A. Conan Doyle b. 1859
23	Tu	Mark Lemon died 1870
24	W	Queen Victoria born 1819
25	Th	Princess Hellena b. 1846
26	F	Oscar Wilde convicted 1895
27	S	Garibaldi cap'd Palermo '60
28	S	Sunday aft. Ascension
29	M	Crimean Peace rejoic's. '55
30	Tu	Boer War ended 1902
31	W	Joan of Arc burnt 1431

DID WE BUT KNOW.

DID we but know how many a aching heart
Is hid from view behind a smiling face:
How many, seeming gay, suffer the smart
Of blasted hopes, of failures, and disgrace,
Pity would take the place of envy then,
And sympathy would flow out to our fellow men;
Did we but know.

Did we but know when carriages roll past,
The load of sorrow they oft bear along,
We should be thankful that our lot was cast
Amongst the humble, and the happier throng.
Nor wealth, nor luxury can ease the breast
That sighs, yet sighs in vain, for peace and rest,
Did we but know.

The silvery laugh that rings so clear and sweet
From one whose beauty does enchant the eye,
May be alas! a sorry counterfeit,
And only serve to drown the rising sigh.
'Tis well we cannot 'neath the surface see,
Heart-burnings, wounded pride, and misery.
Did we but know.

Each heart knows its own bitterness, 'tis vain
To rail against our lot, content to bear
With courage the anguish and the pain,
Which providence ordains shall be our share.
With Faith and Trust we may our hearts beguile,
That all that is is best, and wear a smile.
This much we know.

John an Mary wor sittin varry cloise together on a seet i' Peel Park, an
Mary wor pettin an fondlin an kussin 'a little bull pup at shoo wor nursin.
John grew jaylus in a bit, an sed, "A wish awd been born a puppy."
"Well, worn't yo? yo must have forgotten yor childhood."
"Happen aw have, but aw've just remembered 'at-aw've another lass to meet
to neet, soa gooid afternoon."

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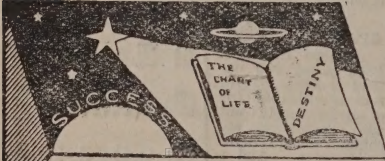
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RAMBLING REMARKS—MAY.

"WE greet thee with feelings of gentle delight,
As thus in thy regal array,
Thou comest enrobed in a vesture so bright—
Most beautiful, beautiful May."

THIS is a glorious month,—or at least it owt to be. If it isn't, all aw can say is, its nooan th' fault o'th' Almanack makkers. Fowk 'at's been penkin an coffin all th' winter luk forrad to a bit o' peeace an comfort when May comes. Young fowk have allus lukt forrad to this month wi joyful anticipations; they cannot all be May Queens, but mooast on em have hooaps ov bein queens ov one sooart or another.

It's a famous time for weddins. It's a queer thing 'at weddins are entered into moor recklessly an thowtlessly nor ony other thing 'at's undertakken. It's noa use tryin to praich common sense to a couple 'at's made up ther mind to get wed, for if they dooant know moor abaat sich things nor onnybody else, they think they do, an that sattles it. When a young chap's cooartin a lass he generly tells her 'at he's sewer he isn't worthy on her, an when they get wed he does his best to prove it, but that doesn't prevent another couple havin a try at it.

Well, some mak a mistak i' gettin wed an some mak quite as big a mistak i' keepin single;—it's a lottery. Mary Makrill made a bit ov a mistak befoor shoo gat wed, an we've laft abaat it monny a time. It wor this way;—Mary an her beloved went to Bradforth to buy th' weddin ring, but when they gate to Fattorinis he sent her in bi hersen. "What's matter wi thi?" shoo sed, "Are ta shamed to be seen wi me?" "Nay," he sed, "but aw think tha'll manage better if tha gooa bi thisen, an aw'll caar here wol tha comes aght."

"All reight," shoo says, "aw'll be aght in a minnit," an in shoo went.

"Nah, young man," shoo sed to th' chap behund th' caanter, "aw want a weddin ring,—a goold en,—its for misen."

"Eighteen carat, I suppose?" he sed.

"Nay, indeed aw nawther! Awm aitin toffy," shoo sed, an when shoo saw th' corners ov his maath stretch raand to his ears, shoo wor feear'd th' top ov his heead wod be hingin at th' back ov his neck, but shoo couldn't see what he wor smilin at. When shoo coom aght shoo tell'd her felly "Th' next weddin ring aw buy, awst goa to another shop, yond young chap wants to know too mich,—my private affairs is noa business o' his." Mary seemed to be varry mich put aght, but th' seet o'th' ring on her finger sooin put things reight agean. Ov coorse it wor nobbut a slight misunderstandin, an if shoo's nowt war nor that durin her wedded life, shoo'll get off easier nor th' mooast. Ther'd be happier hooams if when fowk wed they'd agree to give an tak, unless it wor like Betty an Tom Slope, throo Bowlin. When shoo had him up befoor th' magistrates for ill-usin her, he gave her that advice, but shoo sed shoo'd been at that gam for ten year, an shoo'd grown tired o' takkin what he gave her. But ther's noa daat it taks two to mak a quarrel, yet aw've known when two have been made one, that one couldn't agree wi itsen allus. It isn't allus th' man 'at's to blame;—Martha Strickley wor a big, strong woman, an shoo wed a little chap net hawf her size. It wor nobbut a month after th' weddin, when Martha went to see th' parson, "Yo remember me," shoo sed.

"Ah! let me see. Yes, you married a little gentleman named Strickley."

"Well, he's escaped I!" "Ah,—indeed,—incompatibility, I suppose."

"Well, aw want him back. Just for five minnets, an if he gets away agean aw'll forgie him!" "Really, I cannot be of any assistance in the case."

"Aw want noa assistance! aw want him back, an if aw can't keep him at hooam after this, onnybody'll be welcome to have him. Aw owe him sumtired an aw want to pay mi debts. Awm a honest woman!" "Ah,—Ah!"

June]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 3rd 4 min. past 10 p.m.
Full Moon, 11th, 51 min. past 9 p.m.

Last Quar. 19th 51 min. past 8 p.m.
New Moon, 26th 20 min. past 1 p.m.

1	Th	Prince Imperial k. 1879
2	F	Garibaldi died 1882
3	S	Prince George born 1865
4	S	Whit Sunday
5	M	Weber died 1826
6	Tu	Count Cavour died 1861
7	W	1st Reform Bill passed '32
8	Th	Haydock Col. explo. '78
9	F	Charles Dickens died 1870
10	S	Lord Wantage died 1901
11	S	Trinity Sunday
12	M	Charles Kingsley born 1819
13	Tu	Berlin Congress 1878
14	W	Battle of Marengo 1800
15	Th	Emp. Frederick d. 1888
16	F	Vic. Hall disas. Sunderland
17	S	177 children killed 1883
18	S	1st Sun. aft. Trinity
19	M	C. H. Spurgeon b. 1834
20	Tu	Queen Vic's. accession '37
21	W	Queen Vic's 1st Jubilee '87
22	Th	H.M.S. Victoria sunk 1893
23	F	(24) Visc. Kitchener b. '50
24	S	MIDSUMMER DAY.
25	S	2nd Sun. aft. Trinity
26	M	George IV. died 1830
27	Tu	John Murray died 1843
28	W	Queen Vic. crowned '38
29	Th	E. B. Browning d. 1861
30	F	Tower Bridge opened 1894

PASSIN' THOWTS.

To a chap 'at's health an wealth this world's all reight.

Fowk 'at say nasty things wod do em if they'd a chance.

When a chap knows what it's his duty to do he doesn't need to ax advice.

All men are born equal, but it nobbut lasts a minute or two.

If yo do yor best to-day, yo'll do better to morn.

Its a mistak to fancy a woman can't keep a saycret for they booath can an do, or ther'd be fewer on em wed.

Yo cannot show yor own littleness moor nor bi affectin to despise another's greatness.

Him 'at works hard to mak little things successful may be trusted to undertak bigger things.

Running up hills may lead to fissical improvement, but runnin up bills leeads to bankrupsey.

"Aw think its scandless!"

"What's up nah, lass?"

"Mistress Sneak has just been tellin me 'at shoo caught her husband kussin th' wesherwoman under her very nooas!"

"Well, what bi that? Whear wod shoo expect him to kuss her?"

"Awd like to catch thee dooin it!"

"All reight lass, but wipe thi nooas furst."

RAMBLING REMARKS—JUNE.

"WHEN nights are short in early June,
We, risen betimes, shall haply see
The silver sickle of the moon,
Hang gleaming in an eastern tree."

"IN th' month o' June, th' world's in tune," old fowk say, an what they say, aw suppoos owt to be true, but it isn't allus.

This is th' month o' flaars,—an if ther's nowt else to be thankful for that's enuff to incline awr hearts to give it welcome. But yo cannot be sewer o' owt at this day. Times seems oft aght o' joint. Ivver sin aw wor a child aw allus lukt forrad to May as a merry month, an yet, as aw luk back awm forced to admit aw dooant remember monny Mays 'at wor particular merry. Last May seemed to promise to live up to its old traditions, but just when ivvery heart wor growin cheerful an full ov hooap ther coom th' biggest stroke ov ill luck 'at could ha fallen on a nation, an spread a claad o' gloom ovver ivvery country, an browt sorrow alike to palaces an cottages. The King was dead. Wealth, station, love an reverence all combined, couldn't save him. It's tarrible to think abaat, an as far as awin consarned, it's impossible to write abaat it, but a friend o' mine has voiced my feelings in a way aw niver could ha done it, an aw think aw couldn't do better nor give em here.

"With one unanimous and prolonged accord

Our nation loved the King, who is no more;
They hailed as Friend and Father, Liege and Lord,
The Monarch whose swift death all lands deplore.
All peoples and all tongues feel Woe to-day—
And Universal grief grasps all the world;
They sympathise and feel affliction's sway,
And bare their heads 'fore halfmast flag unfurled,
Hushed voices tell the sore, disastrous news—
And yet! it seems too tragic to be true!
For this was Loss none could afford to lose—
A greater loss no kingdom ever knew!
He shall go down to Everlasting Fame—
Peacemaker Edward—King in more than Name!"

CHAS. F. FORSHAW.

Loyalty an affection couldn't keep him here, an regrets willn't bring him back. He's left a gap i' awr world,—bigger ner mooast fowk do, but it'll be filled varry sooin. This owt to be a lesson to some o' them con-saited fowk 'at think they're soa important 'at th' world wod be upset if they worn't here to balance it. It's nobbut them who become famous, or notorious, who live long i'th' memory ov them they've left behind, Fame or notoriety may keep a man's memory green, but they arn't th' same thing bi a long chalk. A man may live to a long age, workin an strivin all his life to do gooid an benefit his fellow man, an bi that meean leave behind him Fame. Another, in a few minnits may prove hissen a grand rascal or a blood-thirsty criminal, an be remembered for ages. Ther's moor fowk to-day who remember, an are interested, i'th' life an doings ov Charles Peace, who wor hung at Armley, nor what remember Charles H. Spurgeon, who laboured i'th' Tabernacle. Fame isn't all it's crackt up to be. Takkin men in a lump, they're a selfish, ungrateful lot. It's strange 'at it should be soa, but it is. Well, aw cannot alter th' world, an varry likely if aw could aw should mak it war. Aw do try mi best in my tin pot sooart ov a way, but th' mooast aw ivver hooap to accomplish is to bring a smile to th' faces o' them who feel sad, or draw a tear throo a tender heart, an wakken a sympathetic thowt for them 'at's i' sorrow. Aw believe Mark Twain did as mich gooid wi his humour an drollery, as monny a sanctimonious praicher has done wi his sarmons.

July]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 3rd 20 min. past 9 a.m.

Last Quar. 19th 31 min. past 5 a.m.

Full Moon, 11th, 53 min. past 0 p.m.

New Moon, 25th 12 min. past 8 p.m.

1	S	DOMINION DAY
2	S	3rd Sun. aft. Trinity
3	M	Battle of Sadowa 1866
4	Tu	Battle of Ulundi 1879
5	W	Princess Helena mar. '66
6	Th	Sir G. White b. 1865
7	F	Sheridan poet d. 1816
8	S	Sir Ed. Parry died 1855
9	S	4th. Sun. aft. Trinity
10	M	American War ended '65
11	Tu	Battle of Oudenarde 1703
12	W	Geo. Stephenson d. 1848
13	Th	Berlin Treaty 1878
14	F	Cyprus taken 1878
15	S	ST. SWITHIN'S DAY
16	S	5th Sun. aft. Trinity
17	M	Sovereigns first issued '17
18	Tu	Jane Austen died 1843
19	W	Bishop Wilberforce k. 1873
20	Th	"Female Blondin" k. 1861
21	F	Chin-Kiang-Foo taken '42
22	S	Pr. Maud of Wales m. 1896
23	S	6th Sun. aft. Trinity
24	M	Window Tax repealed 1851
25	Tu	Vauxhall Gardens closed '69
26	W	Irish Church Dis'd. 1869
27	Th	Battle of Talavera 1809
28	F	Dr. Jameson sentenced '96
29	S	King of Italy shot 1900
30	S	7th Sun. aft. Trinity
31	M	Van Tromp died 1653

DARBY AND JOAN.

WE'RE growin old together, lass,
 Awr life has passed its prime,
 We're nearin th' end o'th' tether, lass,
 We've welny done awr time;
 Yet we remember th' happy day,
 When rompin throo the heather,
 When bo oath wer young, an strong, an gay,—
 Nah, we grow old together.

We've had awr share ov storm an stress,
 An gleams ov sunshine too,
 But ne'er been short o' happiness
 I'th' year's we've travelled throo;
 Noa moor we run, an donce, an sing,
 Wi hearts leet as a feather,—
 I' youthful days we had awr fling,
 Nah, we grow old together.

Thi hair is silvered, an thi een
 Have lost ther witchin spark,
 Thi cheeks have lost ther ruddy sheen,
 An Time has left his mark;
 But as we struggle bravely throo,
 I' spite o' wind or weather,
 A halo glimmers o'er thi broo,
 As we grow old together.

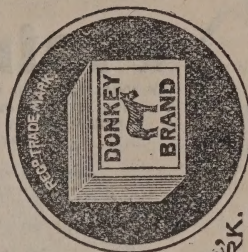
Awr journey's been a long en, lass,
 Friends one bi one depart,
 Awr feight has been a strong en, lass,
 But we've noa wish to part.
 Tho' we grow tired an weary, lass,—
 It's natural to feel soa,
 We'll still keep breet an cheery, lass,
 We havn't far to goa.

A chap met me tother day, "Hello, John!" he said, "Aw reckon tha'll be gettin another Almenack ready for th' next year?"

"Eeah," aw sed, "awm dooin a bit." "Why," he sed, "tha must find it hard wark to do it year after year." "It is," aw sed, "but tha sees aw niver walk aght witha at meetin fowk 'at's anxious to tell me what to do, an what aw should put in, an if aw dooant tak their advice its mi own fault. Aw think mi disposition is a mixtur ov peacock an mule, that is self consait an obstinacy."

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RAMBLING REMARKS—JULY.

As months come raand th' same old subjects crop up an wi have 'em to face. When hot days come an mak it uncomfortable to be aght o' door, an we should feel glad ov a chance o' sittin in a shady raam wi oppen winders, we lang for a change an decide to goa to some seah-side place whear we can get scorched an baked in a broilin sun,—gettin burnt braan an blistered an hawf smothered wi dust, an pay as mich for a wick's misery as wod keep us comfortable for a fortnit at hooam. We know all this befor we start off, but that matters nowt, it's th' time o'th' year for a jaunt off, an if we dooant get it we perswade ussen we arn't gettin what we're entitled to.

Young fowk 'at's i' love, sometimes mak it a excuse to get to know one another better befor teein th' knot wi ther tung 'at they connot untee wi ther teeth. Joa Capper wor varry mich i' love wi th' landlady at th' "Pig's Eye," i' Halifax,—this is a deal o' years sin,—but he'd nivver seen much on her, exceptin her heead an shoolders as shoo stood behund th' bar caanter sarvin aght drinks, an as he wor a cautious chap, he wanted to know moor abaght her befor he popt th' question, for altho' he knew shoo wor a buxum fat woman, he didn't want to tak on wi too heavy a responsibility, an takkin a wife ov onny size is a responsible thing to do. Soa he thowt he'd invite her to goa wi him to Blackpool, an if he could purswade her to tak a dip, he'd have a chance ov findin aght what sooart ov a bargain he wor gooin in for, an he could draw back befooar he'd gooa too far.

Lily,—that wor her name,—wor nowt agean it, an when he axt her shoo agreed to goa wi him. Well, when they gat thear they tuk a walk on th' Promenade, an th' sun wor dooin its best. "Ha does ta feel nah, Lily," he sed. "O, awm fairly sweltered," shoo sed, "awm moist all over." "Eah, tha luks soa," he sed, "doesn't ta think a dip i'th' watter wod cooil thi off a bit? It wodn't tak thi aboon five minits an tha could manage it wol aw goa get a glass o' ale. Aw'll be waitin for thi when tha comes aght."

"Well, if tha thinks it'll do me gooid aw dooant mind," shoo sed, soa Joa saw her safe in a bathin van an left her, but he didn't goa far, an he planted hissen whear he'd get a gooid view. In a bit ther wor a splash an th' tide seemed to rise as if ther wor a storm. Then he saw her. "Well, well," he sed, "if Jonah had been like her he'd nivver ha been swaller'd bi a whale, that's sartain. Why, if awd to wed her an shoo'd to begin to expand as some wimmen do after weddin, we should have to tak th' haase side off befor shoo could get aght. Nay, aw like plenty for mi brass when aw bargain for owt, but shoo's moor nor aw dar tackle." When he saw her to her lodgins that neet, he wor varry quiet. "What's th' matter wi thi?" shoo axt him. "Tha tawks noan." "Noa, awm thinkin," he sed. "Well, tha must have a deal to think abaas," shoo sed. "Aw have. Moor ner ivver aw had i' mi life." "Tha must ha seen summat 'at's upset thi, aw think, but aw've seen nowt." "Noa, tha wor lukkin tother way at th' time." "Well, gooid neet, an aw hooap tha willn't dreeam abaas it." "Gooid neet. Aw think aw'll see a doctor i'th' mornin." Joa went an had another pint an a pipe, an then he went to bed, but he did dreeam abaas it, an he wakkened ommost sufficated, for he fancied Lily wor sittin on his chest.

It wor gettin far on i'th' day when he met Lily agean. "Has ta been to see a doctor?" shoo axt. "Eeah, aw've just been." "An what did he say ailed thi?" "He says aw must ha had a shock, an aw mun be varry careful for aw've gotten a waik heart." "O, an did he say owt abaas thi heead?"

"Noa, that's all reight." "Aw wodn't gie mich for a doctor like that! Let's goa on th' Pier an have a donce." "A'a' aw darn't! It doesn't luk safe." Soa they walked abaas, dooin nowt, an Joa an Lily nivver gate wed.

August]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

First Quar. 1st 29 min. past 11 p.m.
Full Moon, 10th 55 min. past 2 a.m.

Last Quar. 17th 11 min. past 0 p.m.
New Moon, 24th 14 min. past 4 a.m.

1	Tu	LAMMAS DAY
2	W	Battle of Sedan 1870
3	Th	Battle of Sadowa 1866
4	F	The <i>Viper</i> wrecked 1901
5	S	Naval Rev. at Spith'd. '89
6	S	8th Sun. aft. Trinity
7	M	Queen Caroline died 1845
8	Tu	George Canning d. 1827
9	W	King Ed. VII. crowned '02
10	Th	Lord Goschen born 1831
11	F	Cardinal Newman d. 1890
12	S	Jas. Russell Lowell d. '91
13	S	9th Sun. aft. Trinity
14	M	OLD LAMMAS DAY
15	Tu	Relief of Pekin 1900
16	W	Marquis of Zetland b. 1844
17	Th	Admiral Blake d. 1657
18	F	Battle of Gravelotte '70
19	S	Robert Bloomfield d. 1823
20	S	10th Sun. aft. Trinity
21	M	Dr. Adam Clarke d. '32
22	Tu	Lord Salisbury d. 1903
23	W	Treaty of Prague 1866
24	Th	ST. BARTHOLOMEW.
25	F	James Watt died 1819
26	S	Prince Albert born 1819
27	S	11th Sun. aft. Trinity
28	M	Abolition of Slavery 1833
29	Tu	Royal George sunk 1732
30	W	Admiral John Ross d. 1856
31	Th	Queen of Holland b. 1880

PASSIN' THOWTS.

A still tongue hides a lot o' ignorance.

Idleness may have a gooid start, but poverty will overtak it.

A chap isn't cheeap becoss he gives hissen away.

Workin for a thing is a pleasur, but when it's won it's done.

Sowin a act will mak a habit ;—sowin a habit will mak a karakter :—sowin a karakter will mak a destiny.

Ther's two sooarts o' fowk yor apt to meet at Kursmiss :—one at gets to give, an one at gives to get.

Yo nivver know ha monny friends yo have till yo get into politics, nor ha few yo have till yo get agh't o' office.

A parson should allus remember 'at a flock can do as weel withaat shepherd as th' shepherd can do withaat flock.

It's noa sign ov a gooid temper to smile when ivverything is gooin as we want em to, but when ivverything's in a mullock, ha then ?

Day after th' last election a member o'th' Nelson palatine club went into a barbar's shop an sed, "Can aw have a shave this mornin'?"

"Yus sir, but it'll cost yo sixpence."

"Ha's that." "Thi face is soa long it'll tak a cake o' sooap to mak lather enuff to goa ovver it, to say nowt abaat time an labour."

"Then aw'll wait wol we get Tarif reform," he sed.



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RAMBLING REMARKS—AUGUST.

THIS is th' month ov joy an contentment. Aw pity onny chap who can tak a walk aght into th' country at this time o' year, who doesn't feel his heart swell wi gladness an gratitude, when he sees th' blessins 'at surraand him on ivvery hand. Fields ov golden grain wavin i'th' sun an whis-perin ov peace an plenty. Trees bendin low wi ther weight o' fruit waitin to be pluckt, an furrowed fields hidden under a wealth ov varied greens all ready to provide healthy nourishment to one an all.

Other lands may have grander seets, but nooan moor satisfyin. But it's a true sayin 'at "Familiarity breeds contempt" an awm fear'd ther's a lot o' fowk who dooant appreciate th' blessins they have as they should, an when they sing "Home Sweet Home" they've noa idea ha sweet it is until they've lost it. Ov all th' foolish things fowk do, aw think ther's nowt as foolish as for fowk to leav England for pleasur i'h' month ov August.

"Sing a song of August, poppies in the corn,
Fields of dewy cobwebs all a-gleam at morn,
Brambles rip'ning redly, bracken turning gold,
Sheets of silver daises far across the wold.

Sing a song of August, heather on the hill,
Rowan's splendid scarlet o'er the plashing rill,
Purple sweep of moorland where the red grouse call,
Curlews like grey shadows wheeling over all.

Sing a song of soft winds, whispering in the wheat,
Pearly haze of morning, noon all sunshine sweet
Eve of shimmering softness, ring'd about with light,
Falling leaves of roses, each a star by night."

He's hard to pleas 'at cannot be satisfied wi his own native land i'th' month o' August. Ov coorse there are some who can find noa beauty i' owt, they seem to think it shows ther own cliverness to be able to pick aght faults an imperfections, an they seem to regret 'at th' world wor made befoor they wor born, for they fancy they could ha gien th' Creator a few tips. Well, if it pleases 'em to think they know soa mich, they're welcome to it, awm nooan gooin to waste my time reasonin or argyfin wi 'em. They arn't th' soart o' men 'at help to mak th' world better. Some fowk are born blind to all things beautiful, as Wordsworth says,

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A simple primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

an such men are to be pitied not blamed.

Th' class o' men 'at's mooast needed at this day are men wi brave hearts an strong hands,—men who see ther duty an have courage to do it.

"The world's frown never fear,
Nor yet its hate nor scorn,
Fulfil the mission here
For which thy soul was born;

To friend and foe be kind,
From guilt preserve thy breast,
Act nobly to mankind.
And leave to God the rest."

My opinion is 'at this country is hard to beat. When fowk emigrate to some foreign land yo'll have nooaticed they're varry fond ov writin letters hooam tellin all abaght th' advantages they find i'th' new country, but wait a bit,—if they dooant prosper they're sooin wantin to come back, an if they do prosper, they're sooin dreamin abaat ther hooam, an when they return they heave a sigh o' satisfaction an say,—"This is hooam after all."

September]**MOON'S PHASES.****[1911**

Full Moon, 8th, 57 min. past 3 p.m.
 Last Quar. 15th 51 min. past 5 p.m.

New Moon, 22nd 37 min. past 2 p.m.
 First Quar. 30th 8 min. past 11 a.m.

1	F	Free Education Act p. '91
2	S	Board of Trade const. 1786
3	S	12th Sun. aft. Trinity
4	M	Lord Ashbourne b. 1837
5	Tu	French Republic proc. '70
6	W	Jean B. Colbert d. 1683
7	Th	Sir H. C. Bannerman b. '36
8	F	Fall of Sabastapol 1855
9	S	Canon Liddon d. 1890
10	S	13th Sun. aft. Trinity
11	M	Seige of Delhi 1857
12	Tu	Marshall Blucher d. 1819
13	W	General Wolfe k. 1759
14	Th	Pres. McKinley assass. '01
15	F	Elephant "Jumbo" k. '85
16	S	Burning of Moscow 1812
17	S	14th Sun. aft. Trinity
18	M	Dr. Johnson b. 1709
19	Tu	Battle of Poitiers 1356
20	W	Sarasale, violinist, d. 1908
21	Th	Sir Walter Scott d. '32
22	F	Marshall Bazaine d. '88
23	S	AUTUMN COMMENCES.
24	S	15th Sun. aft. Trinity
25	M	Lord Montmorris shot '80
26	Tu	Lucknow relieved 1857
27	W	Geo. Cruikshank b. 1792
28	Th	1st. British Railway op. '25
29	F	MICHAELMAS DAY
30	S	Lord Roberts b. 1832

ANGELS OR IMPS.

OH, God bless theas little childer!
 Angels or imps, all th' same to me,
 Tho' they puzzle an bewilder,
 Nowty, or nice, or shy or free;
 If mi heart's oppressed wi sorrow,
 An mi grief is hard to bide,
 Then it is aw fresh hope borrow
 When aw've th' childer bi mi side.

Tho' they smear an rive mi papers,
 Spill mi ink an smash mi pen,
 Aw ne'er grummel at ther capers,—
 Aw wor once a child misen.
 Tho' they laff an squeal wi gladness
 When they see what harm they've done,
 Tho' aw grind mi teeth wi madness,
 Aw've noa heart to spoil ther fun.

What this world baght flaars wod be—
 What the sky wod be baght sun,—
 Wodn't seem one hawf as dree,
 As hooam withaat a little en.
 Tho' they pester an they worry
 Wi ther nowty tricks an clack,
 If aw missed one aw should hurry
 After him to fotch him back.

Little toddlin imps o' blessin,
 Allus whear they shouldn't be,
 Wi some poucement they'll be messin,—
 Then ther gronny flies at me.
 Tho' grown weary wi ther friction,
 An we wish em far away,
 Yet ther smile's a benediction,
 An ther kiss drives cares away.

"Aw hear thi wife's dead," sed Jack to Bill.

"Eeah," sed Bill, "it's a fearful loss for me. Aw'st nivver get over it."

"Ho, tha munnot say soa. Why, man, tha doesn't know what trouble is yet. Farmer Griff lost one ov his cawfs yesterdy, an cawfs cost brass tha knows."

"Eeah, ther's summat i' that. But his havin moor trouble nor me doesn't mak mine onny less."

RAMBLING REMARKS—SEPTEMBER.

WHEN we get to this month we begin to feel as if th' year's wark wor done, an we reckon up profits an losses. Crops are pratty weel all gathered in, an awther disposed on or safely stored away waitin for customers.

It's a time for thankfulness, but yo cannot rest an be thankful for long to-gether, for noa sooiner is th' harvest secured ner we have to prepare for th' seed time, or it'll be a black luk aght for th' year 'at's to follo. It's a constant change throo one thing to another, ther's noa real restin time. "Change is our portion here," we used to sing when aw wor a lad, but ther's varry little o' one sooart o' "change" ivver trubbled me.

Th' change aw feel aw should like wod be to goa to some land whear they had noa clocks to tell yo when to goa to bed or when to get up to yor wark,—an noa brass ;—whear hot coffee flowed i' rivers, an bacon an breed stood piled up i' chunks o'th' rooad side ;—whear rost beef an put-tates grew on th' trees, an whear ther wor noa doctor's or devines,—noa poleese nor politicians,—whear we could all do as we like an pleese ivverybody else. Ther may be sich a land somewhear, but awm net gooin to seek it.

What foolish things we think an say sometimes, an what a muddlehoil ov a world this wod be if men had th' orderation on it. We're a discontented lot, an even when surraanded wi blessins makkin ussen miserable wi expectin troubles 'at mooastly nivver happen. They remind me o' Billy Backus 'at lived at Halifax. He wor quite a gentlemanlike chap, an altho' nobbut a canvasser for Life Insurance, wor believed to be a daycentish chap, an honest,—at leeast as honest as sich like usually are. He wor a gurt tawker, an could sing a comic song, an made lots o' friends amang a happy-goa-lucky set, an wor feard o' nowt but his wife's tongue, an yo couldn't blame him for that. Well, it soa happened 'at he'd gotten into th' habit ov stoppin aght at neet wol varry lat, an yo may be sewer his wife had summat to say abaat it.

One neet he'd been wi a choice lot ov his chums an time flew by at sich a rate, 'at when they separated he wor capt to find it wor 2 o'clock i'th' mornin. He hardly dar face hooam at all, his courage seemed to simmer away into a blue funk, but ther wor noa way to do nobbut to face it aght an trust to luck. He entered quietly an undressed hissen on th' door mat, an then huggin his clooas on his arm, he crept up stairs. All wor dark an ther wor noa saand, soa he quietly ligged daan just on th' edge o'th' bed, an owin' to th' sassa-prilla an other stuff he'd been suppin, he wor sooin fast asleep. When he wakkened, he listened wonderin if his wife wor still asleep, an as he heeard nowt, an all wor dark, he thowt th' best thing he could do wod be to get up an mak hissen scarce, soa he gethered up his clooas an went aght an dressed hissen on th' landin at top o'th' stairs, an when he went daan he wor capt to meet th' sarvent lass who wor already up an gettin th' brakfast ready. "Sarrie Jane," he sed, "tell yor mistress when shoo gets up 'at awm varry thrang an have to be at th' office i' gooid time this mornin, soa aw cannot stop to have mi brakfast wi her this mornin."

"Gooid gracious ! sir," shoo sed, "Missus went away to see her mother yesterdy mornin, an shoo isn't commin back till to-neet."

"Oh, that's all reight," he sed, an aght he went, mutterin summat 'at didn't saand like his prayers, an if ivver a chap felt like kickin hissen, it wor Billy.

Nah, yo see ha it is. Even when a chap's made up his mind 'at ther's some serious trouble to face, an it doesn't come, asteead o' feelin thankful for missin it, he's disappointed.

Ther's noa suitin some fowk.

October]

MOON'S PHASES.

[1911

Full Moon, 8th 11 min. past 4 a.m.
Last Quar. 14th 46 min. past 11 p.m.New Moon, 22nd 9 min. past 4 a.m.
First Quar. 30th 42 min. past 6 a.m.

1	S	16th Sun. aft. Trinity
2	M	Glasgow Bank failed '78
3	Tu	Jewish Year begins
4	W	Barry Cornwall d. 1874
5	Th	Offenback died 1880
6	F	Jenny Lind born 1820
7	S	O. W. Holmes died 1894
8	S	17th Sun. aft. Trinity
9	M	Rome annexed 1870
10	Tu	Fanny Fern died 1872
11	W	Transvaal War com. 1899
12	Th	Geo. Stephenson d. 1859
13	F	Sir Henry Irving d. 1905
14	S	Battle of Jena 1806
15	S	18th Sun. aft. Trinity
16	M	Houses of Parlia. bt. '84
17	Tu	Earl Selborne born 1859
18	W	Lord Palmerston d. '65
19	Th	Dean Swift died 1745
20	F	Grace Darling d. 1824
21	S	Trafalgar Day 1805
22	S	19th Sun. aft. Trinity
23	M	Sir M. Hicks-Beach b. '37
24	Tu	Mich. Law Term begins
25	W	Battle of Balaclava 1854
26	Th	Royal Charter wreck. '69
27	F	Pres. Roosevelt b. 1858
28	S	Royal Exchange op'd. '44
29	S	20th Sun. aft. Trinity
30	M	Lord James b. 1828
31	Tu	ALL HALLOWMAS EVE

PASSIN' THOWTS.

A gooid mistress maks a gooid sarvent,
an visey versey.

Its safe to profisy when yo know, but
safer net to risk it.

If yo want a man to do his best for yo
pay him his wage cheerfully.

Some fowk's allus wonderin whear ther
brass goos to ;—awm one on em.

If yo're successful nivver forget them
'at gave yo a lift.

A chap 'at can get up 'smilin on a cold
mornin can be trusted to mak th' best o'
things durin th' day.

Th' best time to worry is awther befoor
yo're born or after yo're deead. It's a
waste o' time durin yor life.

If yo want to shine i' society, be natural,
plated ware luks as weel as th' real thing,
but it willn't stand rubbin at.

When a chap gets a change ov con-
science, its like gettin a pair o' new bootis,
it may be a change for th' better but it
doesn't feel as comfortable.

"Angels live up i' heaven, dooant they, mother?" sed little Benny.
"Ov coorse they do," sed his mother. "What maks thi ax sich questions?"
"Nowt, nobbut aw heeard Daddy tell mi hont this mornin at shoo wor a
angel, happen shoo'll fly away."
"Thar't reight thear, Benny, an it's time shoo went, but if shoo gets thear
shoo'll nivver see thi Daddy agean. Consarn him!"

RAMBLING REMARKS—OCTOBER.

IT'S just a year sin this month 'at summat happened to me 'at aw shall remember till life lasts. It's quite a personal affair an some on yo may think it rayther aght o' place i' this Almanac, but even if it is, it's nobbut what's happened monny a time befoor.

Yo at know me, know 'at awm a varry plain soocart ov a chap, an as long as aw can get all aw want, awm gradely contented. This reminds me 'at aw wor tellin my old lass tother day 'at awd been readin abaat th' Simple life 'at a deal o' fowk wor advisin fowk to live, an sed aw wor thinkin ov gooin in for it.

"Pray thi dunnot," shoo sed, "for if it maks thi onny simpler nor tha art, they'll put thi i'th' sylum." Soa awm still peggin on i'th' old way.

But as aw wor gooin to tell yo,—last October aw received a letter from a old an dear friend o' mine,—if he'll alaa me to call him soa,—inviting me to visit him an meet a few friends at his haase on my seventieth birthday. Aw worn't varry weel at th' time, but th' wife sattled it at once. "Goa bi all meens!" shoo sed, "an aw'll goa wi thi to tak care on thi." "But tha hasn't been invited," aw sed. "What bi that!" shoo sed, "aw'll let em see whear tha gooas aw goa too. Tha'rt nooan ashamed on me, are ta?"

"It's nooan that," aw sed, "but it may be summat private they want to see me abaat." "If ther's owt private abaat thee 'at aw dooant know, it's time aw did," shoo sed, "at onnyrate, if aw dooant goa, tha stops at hooam, soa tha knows!"

Aw knew it wor noa use sayin onny moor, soa aw nivver answered her, an in a varry short time shoo hunted up some o' mi used-to-be goa-to-meetin clooas, an wi brushin an spungin an shakin an pressin, shoo'd sooin a suit ready for me to don 'at lukt quite respectable enuff to wear at a funeral.

"Thear! tha'll be able to set off daycent schews ha tha lands back."

When th' day coom we set off, feelin a bit narvous, but we landed safely an wor sooin made comfortable at mi friend's haase, an after a gooid teah, we began to feel quite at hooam. My wife an th' misses began to tawk abaat th' best way to cook Yarmoth bloaters an me an my friend sattled daan to a quiet smook. In a bit first one an then another dropt in. They wor all chaps awd known for years bi name, but awd nivver met em befoor. Well, ther wor sooin a nice party on us, an aw began to feel a bit shy, for first one an then anothet reared thersin up on ther hind legs, an began to mak speeches abaat me. Awm nooan gooin to tell yo what they sed, but aw know aw blushed for th' furst time for a deaal o' years, for aw felt aw didn't deserve all th' nice things they sed. Th' wife worn't thear to hear em, an it wor a varry gooid job, for if shoo had been, shoo'd ha bin sewer to contradict em sometimes. Ther wor one thear 'at awd long admired an wanted to meet,—that wor Bob Stubbs. Aw felt a bit o' sympathy for Bob, for he's engaged i'th' same trade as me, an altho' he hasn't been at it as long, he's grown grey i'th' sarvice. He's like mooast clivver chaps he's varry modest, but he can't help his een sparklin wi fun nah an then, an his face beamin wi a soocart ov a "God-bless-yo-all" expression, 'at maks yo feel to tak to him at once. 'At he may may reap th' reward for his labours is th' warst wish aw have for him. After a pleasant time, we separated an when th' wife an me wor gooin to bed, aw axt her if shoo'd heeard what had been sed.

"Eeah," shoo sed, "aw heeard em, an aw couldn't help thinkin aw could ha tell'd em a different tale if awd been soa inclined."

Aw didn't aggy th' matter, an varry sooin aw fell asleep. Next mornin after braikfast, aw felt as if a walk wod do me gooid an th' wife sed shoo thowt it wod, an began to help me to get ready for off. Shoo stood thear wi my hat i' one hand an th' shoe horn i' tother. "What's shoe horn for, lass," aw sed, "Aw thowt tha'd happen want it to get thi hat on wi," shoo sed, but if yo care to know moor yo mun luk at th' end oth' book an yo'll find it.

November]**MOON'S PHASES.****[1911**Full Moon, 6th, 48 min. past 3 p.m.
Last Quar. 13th 20 min. past 7 a.m.New Moon, 20th 49 min. past 8 p.m.
First Quar. 29th 42 min. past 1 a.m.

1	W	ALL SAINT'S DAY.
2	Th	Jenny Lind died 1887
3	F	Mikado of Japan b. 1852
4	S	Mendelssohn died 1847
5	S	21st Sun. aft. Trinity
6	M	Princess Charlotte d. 1817
7	Tu	First Gazette pub. 1665
8	W	John Milton d. 1674
9	Th	King Edward VII. b. 1841
10	F	Duke of Fife b. 1849
11	S	MARTINMAS DAY.
12	S	22nd Sun. aft. Trinity
13	M	William Black b. 1841
14	Tu	Gen. Sir H. Gough b. 1838
15	W	Rossini died 1868
16	Th	John Bright born 1811
17	F	Suez Canal opened 1869
18	S	Du. of Wellington bur. '52
19	S	23rd Sun. aft. Trinity
20	M	Sir Wilfrid Laurier b. 1841
21	Tu	Princess Royal born 1840
22	W	Lord Clive died 1774
23	Th	Manchester Fenians ex. '67
24	F	Lord Melbourne d. 1848
25	S	Dr. Watts died 1748
26	S	24th Sun. aft. Trinity
27	M	Duchess of Teck b. 1833
28	Tu	Dr. Joseph Parker d. 1902
29	W	Percy L. Mapleton ex. '81
30	Th	ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

YO BET!

AWM baan to be jolly this Kursmiss,
Noa matter ha hard times may be,
Wi signs ov enjoyment all raand us,
Ther'll sewer be a trifle for me.
Aw've bent wi mi nooas daan to th' grindstun,
For ommost twelve months at a stretch,
An him who'd deny me a frolic,
Is a meean, despicable, old wretch.

This world worn't meant for a workshop
Whear toil holds unlimited sway;
It wor made for man's pleasur, aw tak it,
An ther's time for booath labour an play.
Ther's glorious beauty wheariver
Yo wander, o'er mountain or moor,
Ther's granduer i'th' ocean an river,
An it's free to yo all, rich or poor.

Ther's music i'th' wind-shaken forest,
As it shrieks in its passion or sighs,
An ther's dear little aightbursts o' sweetness,
From throats ov each burd as it flies;
An coy little beauties are peepin
I'th' hedge-bottom, mid shelterin fern,
An sly streams are glancin an creepin,
An sparklin an splashin i' turn.

Then why should aw drearily wander
Mopin raand like a hen 'at's i'th' maat,
Unmindful ov beauties an splendor,
Wol pleasures are spread all abaast?
Away wi sich daats an despairin!
Let's luk up! Ther's th' breet sun shinin yet!
For trubbles to come awm noonan carin,
Aw'll be jolly this Kursmiss, Yo Bet!

Miss Matilda Prim tuk a walk into the country one day an as shoo wor crossin a field a mad bull coom full tilt towards her. Shoo didn't screem an run, but stood an faced it, an when it wor within two or three yards on her, shoo shook her parasol at him an sed,

"Lie down, sir! Lie down, this minnit!"—

Th' rest o' this stooary is printed on a grave stooan i' Bradforth samitory.

RAMBLING REMARKS—NOVEMBER.

WE'VE gotten to th' tail end o'th' year, nah. Ther's a feelin o' sadness ovver ivvery thing. But yet, ther's nowt to cause us to despair. We've all th' breet days to luk back at an to live ovver agean th' pleasures they browt us, an th' joys an jollyties 'at are waitin for us at Kursmiss.

It's a grand world is this if we mak a gooid use on it. It's th' best world aw've ivver seen an awm i' noa hurry to mak a change; my desire is to be ready for th' change when it comes, an to be able to meet it, when it comes, withaaf fear, an a conscienceness 'at if aw havn't done as weel as aw might ha done, 'at aw've done as weel as sich a feeble, shacklebrained blunderer could be expected to do. Ted Worsnop wor one 'at made his life miserable wi jaylussy. He wor ovverheead i' love wi Sally Smith, a lass he'd known all his life, an ther's noa daat shoo wor th' bonniest lass i' Halifax parish, an that's sayin a lot, for it's a big parish an it swarms wi bonny lasses.

Ov coorse, Sally knew he thowt a lot abaaf her, an shoo'd a waikness for Ted, but as he'd niver come to th' point an tell'd, shoo worn't gooin to throw hersen at his heead. Nah Teddy thowt 'at ivvery chap he saw spaikin to Sally wor i' love wi her an tryin to do him aght. Ther wor one, a smart young baker, 'at caused him much anxiety. He delivered looaves at Worsnop's ivvery mornin, an Teddy wor allus peepin an squintin abaaf, an one day he heeard Sally tell him to 'call that night, an it soa upset him 'at he stopt off his wark nursin his jaylus feelins an planin vengeance. Sally lived at hooam wi her faither in a white weshed farm haase, just aght o'th' taan. It wor a snug lukkin haase wi a garden i'th' front, an i' this garden grew a big old apple tree, an ther's noa other haase near it for a quarter ov a mile. Just as it wor growin dark, which wor sooin on, for it wor foggy an cold, an ther isn't mich dayleet i' November, Teddy went to investigate. "It's noa business o' mine," he sed, "if shoo wants a chap like him, shoo can pleas hersen, but oh, dear a me! if aw loise her awst goa wrang i' mi heead. Happen shoo doesn't want him, but aw feel aw shall goa starin mad unless aw know."

Soa he hung abaaf for a bit, an at last a thowt struck him,—“If aw can climb up into that apple tree aw can see into th' raam, an nubdy can see me, an then aw can watch ther gooins on.”

Noa sooiner thowt nor done, an he crept quietly into th' garden, an wor sooin sittin i'th' apple tree. He could see ivverythin as plainly as if he'd been inside, soa he detarmined to wait, tho' th' fog grew thicker, an th' cold set him thinkin abaaf th' North Powl. Then he fancied he heeard summat snifstin at th' tree rooit, soa he bent daan to try to find aght what it wor. “Gur-r-r, gur-r-r, wow, wow!”

“Well awm blessed if it isn't a big dog,” he sed, “Awst ha to keep quiet wol it gooa away.” But it showed noa sign o' gooin away, an he sat soa long wol he wor ommost frozen stiff. He wor varry anxious to get daan nah, but that dog knew its business, an if he offered to stir it began to growl an bark. Sally'll be soary when shoo finds me frozen to deeah i'th' mornin,” he whimpered;—“Oh, dear! aw wish awd niver come.” As haar after haar passed he gat soa stiff an numb, an when th' leets i'th' haase went aght he felt soa looanly, he couldn't help rooarin. But thear he had to stop for th' dog wodn't budge, an he darn't face it. Ha th' neet passed he could niver tell, but at last ther wor a glimmer o' dayleet, th' fog had lifted an he ventured to luk daan. In a minnit after he tumbled daan like a lump o' wood, an nubdy who could ha heeard him mutterin wod ha believed he'd been browt up at th' Sundy School. “Tiger,” he sed, “if ivver aw get thawn aght, an am able to use mi feet, aw'll punce thee to deeah for playin me a trick like this.” Th' fact wor he'd been freezin all th' neet, becoss his own dog had follered him an wor waitin for him to goa hooam.

December]**MOON'S PHASES.****[1911**Full Moon, 6th 52 min. past 2 a.m.
Last Quar. 12th 46 min. past 5 p.m.New Moon, 20th 40 min. past 3 p.m.
First Quar. 28th 48 min. past 6 p.m.

1	F	Queen Alexandra b. 1844
2	S	St. Paul's opened 1697
3	S	1st Sunday in Advent
4	M	Roy. Courts of Jus. op. 82
5	Tu	Lord Lyons d. 1887
6	W	Battle of Cawnpore 1857
7	Th	Gen. Buller v.o. b. 1839
8	F	Sir G. Birdwood b. 1832
9	S	Transit of Venus 1874
10	S	2nd Sunday in Advent
11	M	Richard Doyle d. 1883
12	Tu	Fleet Prison demol. 1845
13	W	Arthur P. Stanley b. 1815
14	Th	Albert Pr. Consort d. '61
15	F	[Princess Alice d. 1878
16	S	Wm. Terriss assass. 1897
17	S	3rd Sun. in Advent
18	M	Slavery abol. U.S.A. '62
19	Tu	Sir F. Lockwood d. 1897
20	W	Viscount Halifax b. 1800
21	Th	Lord Beaconsfield b. 1804
22	F	Train. Ship Goliath bt. '78
23	S	Dr. S. Smiles born 1812
24	S	4th Sunday in Advent
25	M	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26	Tu	BANK HOLIDAY.
27	W	Paris bombarded 1870
28	Th	Tay Bridge disaster 1879
29	F	W. E. Gladstone b. 1809
30	S	Marshal Prim died 1860
31	S	1st Sun. aft. Christmas

PASSIN' THOWTS.

If yo want to get on i' life, put yor heart
into yor wark, an luk pleasant.

If yo'll keep yor face allus to th' sun th'
shadows will be at yor back.

Though yo scatter sweet-smellin flaars
ovver a middin, it'll still stink.

Noa man is foorced to flirt, but monny
a man is foorced to support one.

A chap 'at spends mooast ov his time
lukkan at th' clock nivver does mich wark.

When a chap booasts he allus pays in
advance or net at all, its generly th' latter.

When a single young woman flirts shoo's
dangerous, when a wed woman flirts
shoo's disgustin.

Him who practises thrift in his young
days seldom feels poverty's pinch when he
grows old.

If fowk who have nowt to say wod be
content to say nowt what a deal better an
quieter world this wod be.

"Molly, lass, awm feelin varry bad, awm feeard awm gooin to dee."

"Well, it's what we mun all come to someday."

"If sich a thing happens, will ta promise to visit my grave nah an then?"

"Eeah, aw'll come an bring mi husband wi mi."

"But tha willn't have a husband when awm deead."

"Tha'd better just wait an see," an he decided to wait.

RAMBLING REMARKS—DECEMBER.

TENNYSON tells us "The year is going," that's a thing we all know, an when he says "let him go," Why, that's a thing we cannot help, for Time waits for noa man. To mooast fowk this seems to be a matter ov noa consequence, but it is. When a chap's hearty an strong he seldom gives a thowt to ha time flies, he lives an acts as if ther wor noa end to it, but as age creeps on an his strength begins to fail, he's reminded 'at th' end isn't soa far off, an it's then he begins to regret havin wasted soa mich. Th' end ov ivvery year is a milestooan on life's highway, an th' moor we've passed an th' cloiser they seem to crooidle together.

Aw hooap ivverybody 'at reads this will have enuff an to spare, an have ther fill ov all ther hearts crave, an i'th' midst ov ther feastin they'll give a thowt to them 'at's less fortunate. It willn't lessen their pleasur if they contrive to give others a bit.

Preparin for th' Kursmiss dinner is a cause ov anxiety to a deecal o' fowk. Ben Sloppy, who lived at Moortaan, wor varry anxious abaat theirs. He'd had a hard time durin th' year owing to trade bein slack, an his wife had oft profiside it wod be a leean Kursmiss for them, but for two or three month, things had lukt a bit breeter. Ben's wife had oft tell'd him what grand dinners they had at her father's, befoor shoo wor fooilish enuff to get wed, an tawk'd abaat th' rooast gooise an giblet pie, wol shoo set all ther maaths watterin, soa, as he'd put in a bit ov overtime an saved a twothry shillin 'at shoo knew nowt abaat, he made up his mind to giv her a bit ov a treat to surprise her. Soa, th' day befoor Kursmiss, when he'd finished his wark at Leeds, he went to th' market an lukt at th' geese an Turkeys, but he couldn't mak up his mind, an he wor feared they worn't fresh, but at one stall ther wor a lot 'at wor wick, soa he thowt it wod be his best plan to get one o' them an he'd be safe. He pickt aght one o'th biggest, an after a lot o' bargainin he bowt it for five shillin, an started for hooam. It wor a walk ov a gooid six mile, an it wor a shockin neet,—rain an snow an a nasty wind, but he wor a gooid pluckt en, an he didn't feel like duffin, but long befoor he'd gotten hawf way he felt varry mich inclined to put th' gooise daan to goa whear it liked.

"Patience an perseverance can do owt," he sed, an after a tiresome tramp, he arrived hooam. "Nah, old beauty!" he sed, as he went in, sylin weat, "aw've browt thi a gooise for thi Kursmiss dinner."

"Aw think tha's browt two geese," shoo sed, "but which has th' least sense, aw dooant know. Tha'rt like a draand ratten. Aw expect awst ha thi ligg'd up i' bed for a wick wi henflewinsa, or summat. But awm varry thankful, for aw know we shall all enjoy a bit o' giblet pie."

At th' 'giblets' Ben's face grew white. "Bi th' heart!" he sed to hissen. "Aw forgate all abaat th' giblets. But shoo shalln't be disappoint'ed, noa matter ha tired aw am!" An while shoo wor i'th' back kitchen gettin some teah for him, he tuckt th' gooise under his arm an started off bac^k. Blamin hissen for bein a fooil, he splashed on, an after an haar an hawf ov a tramp, he gat to th' market agean, an sought th' chap he'd bowt th' n' gooise on. "Do yo remember me buyin this gooise off yo?" he sed. "Yes," he sed. "Well, aw've browt it back, for aw wanted one wi giblets." Th' chap stared at him, "Why, ov coorse," he sed, "aw mud ha know'n. Well, aw'll change it for yo; here's one 'at's nobbut just been killed, an it's all plucked an ready for th' oven. Yo'll find th' giblets inside,—yo can have it at th' same price." "All reight," sed Ben, soa they lapt it up in a newspaper, an he wor sooin off hooam wi it; an his wife wor waitin for him, ommost malancholy, but sooin bad him i' bed, wi a basin o' gruel inside him. They'd a grand dinner next day, an Ben wor just i' reight fettle for it, an tho' his wife had to laff when shoo thowt abaat it, shoo sed nowt.

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Help these poor Kiddies.

A CHRISTMAS LAY.

ONE Christmas morn, not long ago,
 Bright shone the sun, deep was the snow,
 A famous town I wandered through,
 Alone, not knowing what to do.
 A crowd of men, ill clad, pale, gaunt,
 Whose faces all were pinched by want,
 Stood in a row, with anxious stare,
 Watching a cart which was standing there;
 And on this cart there stood a man,
 Serving out soup from steaming can;
 No questions asked he as they passed,
 He served them all, from first to last;
 And smiles lit up the faces blank
 As on they went with ne'er a thank.

Three little kiddies shiv'ring stood,
 And sniff the steam, it seemed so good;
 But they, alas! they were so small,
 They had no chance to share at all.
 A rough chap saw them standing there,
 Said, "Yo shall have a sup, deoant fear,
 Aw've childer too, poor little things,
 Yo'st have a share what Kursmiss brings."
 So when his pitcher filled he got,
 "Nah then," he said, "bring here yor pot,"
 And then he found,—the kindly man,
 They'd but an old tomato can;
 And from his dole he gave a part
 Which filled with joy each little heart.

I saw no more, till later on,
 When cart, and soup, and crowd were gone,
 I stood and listened to a band
 That discoursed music from a stand;
 Then all alone I seemed to be:—
 I heard some voices near to me,
 And looking round, I saw a sight
 That thrilled me with a strange delight,
 The same three kiddies, on the flags,—
 A picture of want, dirt and rags,
 Were sat, half naked, on the ground,
 With snow, and ice, and slush around;
 Were holding Merry Christmas there,
 With smiling faces free from care;
 Their little banquet,—oh—'twas sad—
 The eldest, such a little lad,
 With but one shoe, yet gay was he,
 Nursing his bare foot on his knee,
 He did preside over the feast,
 And share his portion with the least,
 In turns they sipped the warming stew,
 Each sip brought happiness anew;

An orange, too, the banquet graced,—
 A damaged apple, tempting placed,
 These formed the feast,—I turned to go,
 But something seemed to whisper, "No."
 I stayed, not knowing what to do—
 A tiny voice my heart pierced through.
 What was it think you? That strange thing,
 'Twas "Hark! the herald angels sing!"
 They knew naught of the Do-ra-me,
 But oh! it sounded sweet to me;
 And if the angels heard it given,
 They'd take it straight away to Heaven.

'Twas little that I had to give,
 But even dirty kids must live;
 I shared with them my little store,
 They trotted off, I saw no more.
 But their glad faces cheer me still,
 And for a long time yet they will.
 Pray you, that heaven has blessed, take heed,
 Near-by are helpless ones in need,
 Pray help the kiddies—take my word,
 It is but lending to the Lord.
 And may God bless you! old and young—
 My simple Christmas lay I've sung.

Pity poor Jerrymiar!

"IT'S a world o' trubbles an trials is this," sed Mally, "th' longer aw live an th' moor aw wonder what we wor born into this world for."

"What's up nah?" axt Sammywell, "Aw think tha must be allus seekin trubble, for tha allus seems to be findin it."

"Awm nooan seekin trubble,—aw've noa need, for it's allus anent me. Awm nooan like thee at just lives for thi own pleasur an cares nowt abaat other fowk. As long as tha's thi meals reglar an can sit an suck at thi pipe, an get a drink when tha'rt dry, which is all time when tha arn't asleep, aw believe tha nivver thinks abaat onnybody else;—th' world may sink or swim for owt tha cares. But awm made ov a different sooart o' stuff."

"Well, let's know what tha'rt worryin abaat nah."

"Aw dooant know 'at awm worrryin abaat owt, but awm thinkin abaat poor Jerrymiar. Aw cannot forget he's awr gron child, if tha can. It's a thaasand pities he gate wed when he did."

"Why, he wor old enuff, sewerlee. Aw believe it's best for fowk to wed when they're young;—it steady's em."

"Dooant tawk nonsense! Tha wed young enuff, an it's nivver steadied thee onny, for aw believe tha'd be just as rackless an foolish as ivver tha wor. Vold age hadn't pooled thi daan a peg."

"Nivver heed tawkin abaat me, for aw know thy opinions off bi heart, but v that's Jerrymiar been dooin?"

"Aw know nowt abaat Jerrymiar's dooins nah; he did enuff when he wed yond wife he's gotten. If he'd come an axt my advice, he'd ha done different, but he's like th' rest o' young fowk at this day,—he thinks he knows moor nor his gronmother, but he'll find it aght when it's too lat."

"Bless mi life! Tha sewerly doesn't think it's th' duty o' lads an lasses to ax ther gronmothers to find sweethearts for em, Aw see nowt 'at th' lass

ails ! Shoo's as bonny as a picter, an shoo's as gooid as shoo's bonny,—an shoo's a real little lady, an if shoo suits Jerrymiar, that's th' main thing."

"It taks summat moor nor beauty to fit a woman for a wife. A chap cannot get his dinner off a pratty face. As tha ses, shoo's a lady, an that's what aw blame Jerrymiar for. What business had he to wed a lady? Aw've niver hecard tell 'at shoo browt him onny brass, an what's th' use o' bein a lady unless shoo's some brass. Suppooas Jerrymiar should be ligged up sick for a month or two, bein a lady willn't pay th' rent! If he'd been content to wed a daycent workin lass, shoo'd ha been some use to him, an could ha haddled enuff to keep th' bums off th' doorstuns, wol sich time as he wor fit to goa to his wark agean, but yond wax doll he's gotten can do nowt."

"Well, is he likely to be ligged up for a month or two? Last time aw saw him he lukt hearty enuff. An for owt we know, they may be savin a bit. An if he should tak it into his heead to be poorly for a wick or two, aw cannot blame him, for aw could enjoy bein poorly for a bit in a raam like theirs, an a woman like her to wait on me."

"Hold thi noise, do! Aw havn't patience to sit an hearken to thi! What sooart o' waitin on could shoo give him? Why, shoo doesn't even nurse her own child! Aw wor different when aw wor her age. An then, tha tawks abaat her havin a nice haase! Ther's small credit due to her for that, for shoo's a woman comes one or two day's a wick to fettle all up for her. Poor Jerrymiar! aw wonder ha he stands it. An shoo doesn't bake her own bread, an all th' weshin is sent aght;—aw dooant know what shoo does, except it's nigglin away wi a needle an a bobbin o' thread, makkin fancy lace an things to trim th' babby wi. Poor Jerrymiar,—he's as blinned as a bat, an fancies hissen lucky 'at he's gotten sich a wife. But mark my words,—He'll get his e'en oppened some day, an then,—"

"Nah, Mally, aw think tha'rt unreasonable. If it suits Jerrymiar to see his wife an his haase allus cleean an tidy, an he's able an willin to pay for it, aw dooant see what tha has to pity him for. Aw wish tha wor a bit moor like her sometimes. When we wor furst wed, we worn't able to start life i'th' same way as they have started theirs. But that's noa reason we should find fault wi them. Aw've been thinkin latly abaat takkin a leaf aght o' their book, for aw dooant think we're gettin hawf o'th' pleasur aght o' life 'at we're entitled to. Aw think tha's done abaat enuff, an it's time tha had a bit o' rest."

"Rest! Ther'll be noa rest for me till awm i'th' churchyard. Rest! Who's to wesh that pile o' clooas 'at's liggin thear?"

"Let th' dule tak th' clooas! Tha'rt noa moor fit for weshin a lot o' clooas like them, nor awm fit to fly to th' moon! Aw know tha artn't weel an altho' awst be looath to say or do owt to vex thi, aw meean to be th' maister i' mi own haase for a wick or two, soa tha'll awther ha to mak up thi mind to like it or else lump it."

"Sammywell,—aw niver thowt aw should live to hear thee tawk to me in a way like that. Tha happen thinks tha can do better withaat me nor wi me. Well, aw dooant think awst bother thi varry long. This cough o' mine seems like rivin me inside all to bits. Tha can set to an wesh th' clooas thysen if tha feels like it, for aw feel awst niver be able to do em this wick, an whoivver does em, they'll net be done reight. Wod ta mind makkin me a cup o' teah an bringin it upstairs, an aw'll goa to bed a bit for mi hecard feels fit to split?"

"Get up to bed, lass, aw'll see tha'rt all reight. Dooant bother thinkin abaat clooas weshin or owt else, aw'll see tha gets attended to. Maybe, if thar'd to slip in an tell Hepsabah, shoo'd happen be able to spare a bit o' time to come an luk after thi."

"Aw want noa Hepsabah to luk after me, aw'll manage tha'll see." Mally went upstairs, but not without Sammywell's help, for she seemed to be

gradually getting worse. After seeing her made as comfortable as possible, he came down stairs and busied himself in preparing some tea, which he soon carried up. Mally drank a little of it, and putting down the cup she took his hand between her own and looking him in the face, said pleadingly, "Sammywell, tha didn't mean what tha sed daan stairs? After livin together for ommost fifty year, tha hasn't gotten stalled on me?"

"Stalled on thi,—Nay, lass, nooan soa. Dooant get onny sich nooations into thi heead. Aw nobbut thowt tha'd been dooin too mich, an tha needs a rest. Try to get a bit o' sleep, an get better as sooin as tha con. Aw'll bring thi some gruel up in a bit." He laid her head down gently on the pillow, kissed her flushed face, and quietly left the room.

"Nah, it's time aw began to stir misen," he said, as he looked around the kitchen. "Th' owd lass is badly, ther's noa daat o' that. Well, here gooa for a start." He gathered up all the soiled clothes, and making them up into a bundle went out.

He soon returned and going noiselessly up stairs found his wife asleep, but was shocked to see her flushed face and to mark the sunken eyes. He did not disturb her, but went down and began to put the place in order, and prepare some gruel for her as soon as she should awake. He was sorely distressed as this was the first time he had ever been called upon to act as sick nurse, and thoughts of what might occur filled him with anxiety and dread.

"This is a job for a doctor," he sed, "aw didn't know shoo wor soa bad. Hang th' expence! Aw can ait nowt wol things are i' this state," and after assuring himself that his wife still slept, he hurried off, and it was not long before he came back accompanied by the doctor.

After a lengthy examination the doctor pronounced the case one of great danger. The lungs seriously affected, and a high state of fever. A nurse must at once be procured and the sufferer must not be left day or night.

"Well, aw'll gie Mally credit for one thing, when shoo starts ov a thing, shoo doesn't hawf do it. But what mun aw do? Aw know noa woman 'at aw can get as a nurse. Reight enuff ther's Hepsabah, but shoo'd mak moor wark nor gooid shoo'd do. O, aw have it! Just th' ticket if aw can perswade her to come. Aw'll goa ax her. Shoo can nobbut say, Noa." And in two minutes he was off again. Fortunately for him, Mally, tho' restless, continued sleeping. Calling a cab and giving directions where to be driven to, it was not long before he was on his way back home with the woman he had been to fetch.

When they arrived, the manner she at once entered on her duties convinced him that Mally was in good hands, so having freed his mind of present anxieties, he prepared a simple meal for himself, enjoyed it, and lighting his pipe was soon enjoying a quiet smoke. It had been a bustling day for him and in a short time he dropped off to sleep, and when he awoke, it was to find the nurse preparing breakfast, herself looking as fresh as tho' she had just passed a night with comfort.

"By th' mass! aw must ha fallen to sleep i' mi cheer! Ha's things gooin? Is Mally onny better?"

"No, I fear not. She has passed a very restless night, and I fear the fever is worse; I shall be glad when the doctor comes again."

"O, aw'll goa for him wol yo finish gettin th' braikfast ready."

"If you can get him to come early, I shall be more content."

"If aw can get him to come!—he'll ha to come if aw have to bring him bi th' hair ov his heead!" and away he went. The nurse at once went to see her patient, anxiously counting the minutes, until Grimes returned, which he soon did accompanied by the doctor. Sammywell sat down to wait as patiently as he could for his report, but he had to wait long.

"She is in a very bad way," said the doctor, when his visit ended, all is being done that can be, and she has a good nurse. You must see that she is

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The man or woman who loses this opportunity will surely have cause to regret.

not disturbed, and no one must be allowed to see her. I will call again this evening. Good morning." "Gooid mornin to yor, an thank yo, sir."

"Nah, Grimes old man," he said, addressing himself, "tha's gotten thy wark set, an tha'll do it, or aw'll know th' reason why," and he moved his chair to the bottom of the stairway and sat on guard with a stick, which looked like a formidable weapon. He'd only just taken up his position when the door opened and Hepsabah came in to enquire about her mother.

"Halt!" he cried, shaking his stick at her, "Net another step at thi peril! Noa admittance here nawther on business or owt else! Thi mother's varry poorly an th' doctor ses it's catchin, an tha'll catch it an sharply too, if tha arn't off. Aw'll send thi word when tha'rt wanted. Ther's a woman, a friend o' mine, nursin her, soa we want noa help."

"It's a bonny come off when aw cannot see mi own mother," shoo sed.

"Orders is orders! an awm ordered to sit here to see shoo isn't disturbed, an tell them childer o' thine net to come laikkin on awr doorstuns. If they do they'll taste this stick."

"Yo'll nooan sit thear long, an as sooin as yo stir aght, aw'll come agean, an aw'll bring a poleeseman wi me, afooar aw'll be bet."

"Tha can bring all th' foorce if tha likes, but ther's nawther thee nor onnybody else gooa up them steps to-day withaath th' doctor's orders, unless they step over my deead body, soa nah tha knows. Clear aght o'th' shop, an get on wi thi wark."

Hepsabah finding it useless to argue went away. If she thought her father would soon tire of his guardianship, she was mistaken. The hours passed away, but still he sat on guard, and the doctor found him there when he paid his next visit.

It was a very anxious time for all concerned, but constant care, and skilful nursing at last had an effect. Mally lay for more than a week, unconscious of her surroundings, her mind was wandering, she didn't even recognise her husband when he stood beside her. Sammywell was not one who ever professed religion, or dealt with sacred subjects in his conversation, but during those days and nights when his wife's life was tremblin in the balance, prayers as fervent and sincere, went up from the heart of that old man as ever arose from pastor or priest. And the answer came at last. The doctor announced that the danger had passed, her mind was clear, and her memory was awakening. Sammywell lost no time in making a visit to the bedside. The nurse at once withdrew, and the old couple gazed lovingly into each other's faces. Their hearts were too full for words, but each read the heart of the other. Mally was the first to speak,—“Aw think aw'st clog agean, Sammywell, Th' doctor says aw'st be able to get up in a few days, an then aw'll luk after thee a bit. Dunnot laff at me, lad, but ther's a question aw want to ax thi :—Hasn't ther been a young woman attendin to me? Tha knows mi mind's been wanderin a bit.”

“Eeah, ther's been a young woman nursin thi for three week.”

“Aw thowt soa, but aw worn't sewer. Aw thowt it wor an angel 'at coom to comfort me, an if shoo isn't one, shoo's sewer to be one when it pleases the Lord to tak her. Aw can niver pay her for what shoo's done for me, but aw can pray for her an aw allus shall. Whear does shoo come fro. Did th' doctor bring her?” “Noa, aw fotched her. Doesn't ta know her?”

“Nay, aw didn't see her varry plainly, aw thowt shoo wor too gooid an kind to be a woman.”

“Well, aw hear her cemin up stairs, tak a gooid luk at her.”

The nurse came to the bedside with a cup in her hand, and Mally looked intently at her. “It cannot be,—oh, Sammywell, tell me true,—it's net Jerrymiar's wife, is it?”

“Yos, that's who it is. That's th' lady 'at can do nowt.”

“Ha can ta fashion to fling that i' mi teeth? God bless thi, my child!”

“An God bless you, dear granny.”



In Memoriam

KING EDWARD VII.

DIED MAY 6TH, 1910.

RUSH! 'Tis a nation mourns. That bell
Whose solemn toll floats overhead,—
Vibrating through the murky air, does tell
To listening millions that their King is dead.
O, message dire! Fell harbinger of woe,
Leaving us dumb save for our constant sighs;
Cease,—cease thy doleful tale, too well, alas, we know
Our loved one now is deaf to all our cries.

The first sharp pang is o'er, our Edward sleeps,—
The body is at rest, *He* is not dead:
His spirit still a ceaseless vigil keeps
O'er those to whom he erstwhile ministered.
The seed his hand so bounteously cast
Shall grow and ripen in the coming time,
And we shall reap the harvest of his past
Great love. What nobler monument, O, King, than thine!

Let's dry our tears, let pride succeed to grief,
He left his empire sure,—'tis ours to hold
The priceless heritage. His reign so brief
Shall be recorded in the purest gold.
The envy of the nations far and wide,—
Freedom our birthright stretches sea to sea;
In God we trust, and in His arms abide,—
O, King,—how much,—how much we owe to thee!

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When am wor Young.

WHEN a chap 'at's gotten into years begins to luk back an calls to mind things he did or tuk a pairt in when he wor a lad, he wonders ha he managed to get off scot free an escape th' punishments 'at he richly deserved.

It's a strange thing what a charm ther seems to be abaat doin summat when yo know it's summat yo shouldn't do. It seems to have come daan to us sin th' furst o' human beins wor i'th' Garden o' Eden. Noa sooiner are yo forbidden to do a sarten thing, nor that's what yo want to do.

If a chap owns a bit o' waste land 'at nubdy iver seemed to know existed, he's nowt to do but put up a signboard to say, "Trespases will be Prosecuted," an in a varry short time them 'at's been accustomed to goa raand it will mak a practise ov crossin over it. Fowk tawk abaat respectin th' law, but ther's varry few do. They may fear it; but love it?—net they.

Noa daat th' reason on it is 'at they know too mich abaat th' law makkers. If they've noa respect for th' law makkers, they're net likely to have mich for what they do, an as sooin as they find ther own liberties are bein interfered wi, ther dander's up in a minnit, an they tell em to goa to that place 'at's been prepared for the d——l an his angels, a mind ther own business. What reight has onny man or number o' men to dictate to others who are as wise an gooid as thersen, how they shall walk or tawk, or what an when they shall ait an drink? Th' gooid Book tells us 'to submit to the powers that be, for the powers that be are of God.' But aw dooant think that wor meant to apply to taan caancillors or members o' parliament. Ther's some who profess to believe i'th' divine right of kings,—well, awm net gooin to argy abaat that, but aw've nooaticed 'at it doesn't amaant to mich when a wave o' revolution sweeps over a country. Kings may be gooid, or may be bad, they possess a deal o' paar, an whether they prove a blessin or a curse, depends on ha they use it. But kings are but men after all, an when th' Heavenly census is takken they'll nobbut caant one a piece th' same as th' rest on us.

Aw've noa daat yo've all seen picturs, or if net, yo've heeard th' stooary, ov th' donkey bein perswaded to trot, draggin a heavy load, bi havin a bunch o' carrots hung i'th' front ov its nooas. Aw nivver see that pictur withaath thinkin o' politicians. Ther's a deaal o' points o' similarity between th' poor donkey an some o'th' politicians at this day. They've booath gotten ther e'en fixed on th' carrots. All they want is a chance to get at em. They know they cannot atract nooatice bi sweetly singin an win a reward that way, but they can rawt, an soa they rawt ther laadest, an keep at it, till at last they get nooaticed, even tho' it's for bein a nuisance, an to quieten em sumdy puts em i' harness an carrots are within seet.

Well, we havn't all th' same luck. Some get a lot moor nor they can use, an others have to be content to watch em waste em.

But when aw started to tell this tale it wor to relate my adventures i'th' pooachin line. Aw nivver went pooachin nobbut once. Aw wor varry young at th' time, but quite old enuff to know better. Aw happened to be acquainted wi two or three chaps at seldom thowt abaat owt else,—net becoss they had onny need to do it, but becoss they thowt it fine spooart. If they heeard tell ov a hare bein i'th' district they couldn't sleep a wink till they'd gotten it, or driven it away wi tryin for it. They didn't do it for profit, or becoss they wor partictlar fond on it, in fact they did it just becoss they knew they shouldn't, an becoss they ran th' risk o' bein sent to prison if they wor catched. Nowt suited em better nor to sit in a country pub an find a gamkeeper or two i'th' company, an ther favorite amusement wor to sing,

" O, it's my delight, on a shiny night,
In the season of the year."

an that wor as far as aw knew em to get, but they'd sing it aght wi gusto time after time wol th' lanlord stopt em.

They gat into trubble a time or two, but they cared nowt abaat that, it wor pairt o'th' fun.

Aw kept a few pigeons at this time, an as they didn't seem to thrive varry weel, aw axt one o' these chaps to come an luk at em, an advise me what to do; soa he coom, an when he'd seen em, he tell'd me 'at th' best thing aw could do wi em wor to screw ther necks an mak em into a pie, as they worn't worth keepin, but if aw wanted to have some daycent burds, an wod goa wi him to Huthersfield, he knew a chap who had some champions 'at he wanted to sell, an he'd introduce me to him, soa aw promised to goa wi him.

Then he tell'd me as a gurt saycret, 'at ther'd been a hare seen i'th' district whear aw lived, an 'at him an a couple moor meant to have it, an if aw liked to goa wi em, they'd show me some gooid spoort.

As ther seem'd to me to be summat romantic i'th' idea, aw promised readily enuff, nivver stoppin to think whether it wor a reight thing to do or net. Soa it wor arranged they should meet at my haase next neet an we should have a try for it.

It wor i'th' depth o' winter an ther wor snow on th' graand ommost a foot deep, an aw prepared mysen for th' weather bi puttin on extra warm clooas, an th' time agreed on, ten o'clock,—they coom an faand me all ready to goa.

"Yo're ready i' gooid time," sed Harry Horsfall, (he wor th' chap who tell'd me abaat it,) "but we're nooan gooin to start befoor twelve or may be one o'clock, but we thowt we could have a bit ov a tawk an a pipe o' bacco wi yo to pass th' time."

"All reight," aw sed, doffin mi big coit. Yo'll find plenty o' bacco i'th' box thear on th' table, an aw'll fotch up a sup o' ale, an yo mun try an mak yorsen comfortable."

"O, yo've noa need to fear abaat that, for we're ommost starved throo, an a drop o' gooid stingo 'll warm us up a bit."

"Mak yersen at hooam," aw sed, an they needed no second invitation. They wor a rough lukkin lot, an aw tried to fancy 'at we wor a band o' smugglers in a cave waitin for a shipwreck. Time passed pleasantly enuff, for first one an then another tell'd a tale ov narrow escapes they'd had, an th' ale jug kept me thrang to keep it filled, for as Harry sed, "ther's nowt like a keen frost for makkin a chap dry."

At last they began to prepare for off, an aw worn't soosary for th' barrel i'th' cellar wor ommost empty an it wor past my bed time.

"Let me goa aght furst," sed Harry, thrustin me back, "Jack 'll be waitin at th' door."

"What a shame!" aw sed, "why didn't yo ax him in?"

"He'd nobbut ha made muck. Dogs are best aght o' door," he sed.

"He's been varry quiet, aw wonder he didn't bark," aw sed.

"He knows better nor bark. Yo couldn't mak him bark if yo'd to hang him."

"Varry likely net," aw sed, an we started off, but aw saw noa dog.

"He's gotten stawled o' waitin an set off hooam, aw expect."

"Nay, net he, he's too fond o' spoort for that. He'll turn up in a bit."

An sewer enuff, befoor we'd gooa varry far, thear he wor, follerin Harry, wi his nooas cloise to his heels.

It wor a grand neet,—or rayther mornin,—an th' mooon wor like polished silver. It wor leet enuff to see to read a book, an ther wor noa saand except th' crushin o'th' snow as we walked. Cold,—yo bet it wor cold. Ther wor varry little wind, but what ther wor went throo all my clooas, as if they'd been muslin. Tawk abaat Artic explorers! They'd ha been capt if they'd been wi me that neet! After climblin a hill overlukkin Shibden dale, they stopt to have a consultation. Ha they could tawk at all surprised me, for

mi teeth wor chatterin wol aw had to be careful to keep mi tongue straight for fear o' chewin it up.

"Nah, this is th' spot," sed Harry, "yo stand under this wall an dooant mak a muff, an yo'll see a bit o' fine spooart. As sooin as we've bagged pussie we'll come for yo, but be sewer yo dooant runaway."

Th' idea o' me runnin away made me inclined to laff, but mi cheeks wor soa stiff aw couldn't. Then they left mè. Awd nowt to do an that wor a gooid job, for aw could do nowt nobbut think. Aw wondered if Lot's wife when shoo wor turned into a pillor o' salt lukt owt like aw should luk when aw wor frozen to deeach. "Soa this is what they call spooart," aw sed to missen, "but awd rayther spooart between a couple o' blankets in a warm bed." My enthusiasm wor coiled,—nay, it wor frozen. After what seemed a long, long time, aw began to think they must ha forgotten me, an if they had, aw should have to caar thear wol Spring coom to thaw me aght. But thear aw wor, an thear aw should have to stick, unless somdy coom an carried me away. Then aw suppoos aw fell into a sooart ov a sleep, for aw heeard nowt, nor saw nowt onny moor, till somdy put ther hand on mi shoolder an sed, "Come on."

Two on em hooked ther arms i' mine an trailed me away. It wor plain to tell 'at they wor weel suited wi ther neet's wark, but aw couldn't feel interested in it. At length they landed me at hooam an helpt me off wi mi thick coit an booits an aw began to come raand. Th' foir wor still smolderin an after a stir up sooin began to flare up, an aw began to feel a bit warmer. Aw've suffered sometimes wi tooothwark, heeadwark, an belly wark,—but all put together wor nowt to be compared wi feet wark an finger wark. If awd weren bi misen aw should ha roared, but as it wor aw just grooaned an wished aw wor deead. "Awl yo want nah," sed Harry, "is a drop o' hot whisky an watter an yo'll be as reight as a bobbin."

Aw've noa idea ha a bobbin feels when it's reight, but if it feels as aw felt then, aw can pity it. After a bit aw managed to drag misen to th' cubbard where aw knew ther owt to be a bottle o' whisky, kept for emergencys, an aw put it on th' table, tellin em to help thersen, wol aw waited for th' kettle to boil, for aw wanted mine hot. They worn't particular an drank theirs aght ov a cup, an praised it as bein a drop o' reight stuff. Aw gat mine in a bit, an aw felt better for it. Harry put his hand into his pocket, which seemed to goa all raand th' back ov his coit, an pooled aght as fine a hare as aw ivver saw. They felt it all ovver an admired it famously, but at that time it had noa charms for me. They offered to leave it for me, but awd moor sense net to let em do that, for aw knew they'd expect me to have it cooked an invite them to help to ait it, an as aw saw th' whisky bottle wor already empty, aw thowt it had cost me enuff already, even tho' we'd gotten it for nowt. Well, a chap has to pay for his experience, an aw wor buyin mine. Aw coom to th' conclusion 'at ther may be a pleasur to be had aght o' pooachin, but net mich profit, at leeast for beginners. Aw began to wish they'd goa, for aw couldn't turn em aght, an aw couldn't goa to bed an leave em thear sittin up, but they seemed quite comfortable an niver offered to mak a move till th' clock struck five. Then they axt me if awd agree to em takkin it to th' "Coach an Horses," an arrangin for a supper for th' next Setterdy neet?

"Eeah," aw sed, "aw'll agree to owt. Just do as yo like wi it, an aw'll stand in wol th' finish." Then they went, an i' five minnits time aw wor i' bed. It wor cloise on eleven when aw showed up at th' office next mornin, an then aw didn't feel like wark.

Tother three, turned up at six, an worked away as if nowt particular had happened. Harry tell'd me 'at they'd arranged ivverything for Setterdy neet at eight o'clock, an they'd invited a few friends, they'd ordered a bit extra, soa ther'd be a rooast hare, a pigeon pie, an a dish o' beef steaks. "That'll be all reight aw reckon?" he sed.

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"That'll do varry weel," aw sed, feelin anxious for it all to get ovver, an makkin up mi mind 'at awd had all th' poachin aw wanted. As sooin as aw gat hooam aw went to see ha mi pigeons wor gettin on, for beein pushed for time i' th' mornin, aw hadn't fed em. But it didn't matter, for ther wor just one looanly lukkin burd cooin to itsen, wonderin, aw suppoos, what had become o' th' five mates it used to have.

"Well!" aw sed, "if pooachin for hares is fine spooart, may be pooachin for pigeons may be some fowk's fancy. But when it comes to takkin mine, aw dooant see mich fun in it."

A set time is sewer to come, an Setterdy neet coom at last. Aw didn't hurry to be thear befoor th' time, an when aw walked in they wor all waitin, seven on em an a jolly lot they lukt. Th' table wor all set aght an we lost noa time i' getherin raand, an knives an forks wor sooin playin a tune. Ther worn't mich sarimony an th' beef steaks wor th' furst coorse, an that didn't last long. Then th' roast hare foller'd, an aw watched to see ha they enjoyed it. Whether it wor 'at th' beef steaks had takken th' edge of ther appetites or what, aw dooant know, but it seemed to me 'at aw wor th' only one who railly enjoyed it. Ther wor a gooid hawf on it left an as th' dish wor takken away, all seemed anxious for th' next. Th' pigeon pie wor browt an put i' front o' Harry, an befoor he cut into it, he sed, "Nah, chaps,—unbution yor waisteoits an mak a bit o' raam for this. This isn't ordinary pigeon pie, for it's been bred an fed bi a gentleman 'at yo all know, an befoor aw cut into it, awm gooin to call for three cheers for that same. Nah then, ready all on yo! Hip, hip, hooray!"

Aw cheered th' same as th' rest on em, an that seemed to set ivverybody at ther ease. It wor a gooid pie an they all did justice to it, an after that they lit ther pipes, called for ther drinks, an wor sooin singin,

Oh, it's my delight, on a shiny night,
In the season of the year.

Then th' fun became fast an furious an they wor all tawkin at once.

"Order, order!" shaated Harry, "We're gooin to have a speech, an awm th' chap 'at's gooin to mak it!"

"Hear, here!" shaated one,— "Nah, Harry, mind thi P's an Q's."

"Aw'll mind thee wi mi fooit, if tha doesn't shut up," sed Harry.

"Gentlemen," he sed, "aw'll call yo all gentlemen, an that'll be th' furst lie aw've tell'd to-day. Aw feel too full for utterance."

"Tha mud weel," sed one.

"If tha cannot behave thisen, goa into th' back yard an tawk to th' pigs."

"Order, order!" aw shaated.

"Aw think we've all had a gooid dinner, or supper, what yo liken to call it,—aw wish we could have a doo like this once a day an twice o' Sunday, for it's my delight,—aw say it's my delight—"

Oh, it's my delight on a shiny night,
In the season of the year.

Ivverybody sang this three or four times at top o' ther voices, wol th' lanlord coom an tell'd em to stop, or he wodn't have a drop o' daycent ale left i' th' cellar. Harry sat daan disgusted. "It's noa use tryin to tawk sense to a lot o' Bullheeds like them. Bring in th' bill an we'll satttle it, an then turn all these ragamuffins aght. Awm ashamed on em!"

Th' lanlord sooin browt in his bill, an Harry wi his two friends and me sattled it. It just coom to four an sixpence a piece. As sooin as that wor done, aw sneaked aght an made toward hooam, but aw couldn't help thinkin it wod be cheaper for me, next time aw wanted a hare, to goa to th' market an buy one.

Aw nivver went pooachin agean, an nivver kept onny moor pigeons so long as aw stopt i' that district.

A Good Start.

AN HA IT ENDED.

ABEL CRUMSEL worked in a milln at Bradshaw;—he wor a mechanic, an wor varry steady an rayther praad,—stuck up, fowk sed,—but he wor steady an could be depended on to stick to his wark an do it weel, soa he wor i' favor wi th' boss. When his wages wor raised to fifty shillin a week, he began to think he wor in a position to tak a wife, an lots o' lasses who worked at th' same shop wor settin ther caps at him. Ther wor plenty o' bonny lasses amang em, but for some reason or other, they didn't altogether suit his taste. Altho' he wor a varry active chap, he wor a bit ov a dreamer. He'd a gooid deel ov ambition, an altho' he niver complained or seemed dissatisfied wi his position, yet he oft indulged i'th' hooaps 'at th' time wod come when he'd be a maister asteead ov a sarvent, an when he pictured his futer hooam, he allus had in it a lady as th' mistress on it; Net a lady as regards brass, but a lady in manners an appearance, an nooan o' them he mixt wi ivvery day coom up to his idea.

Well, when onny gooid-lukkin chap wi a gooid karacter an a fair wage, maks up his mind as to what sooart ov a woman he wants, it doesn't oft tak him varry long to find one.

It soa happened at th' rooad Abel had to walk to his wark passed varry near to a schooil, an he'd oft fairly to feight his way throo a lot o' lads an lasses when th' schooil wor lawsin, for they onmost all knew him, an as he used to supply em wi bits o' milln band, or sometimes a shuttle tip for ther tops, or a bit o' coloured worsed waste, he wor a gurt favorite wi em.

One neet,—it wor i' spring time,—he wor suraanded wi a noisely lot, all clammerin for summat, when th' mistress coom aght, an seein th' state ov affairs, made her way into th' middle on em an quickly packt em off, an then apologised to him, hopin he'd excuse em, as they wor young an thowtless.

"A'a, mistress,—maam aw mean,—dooant say another word,—it's moor my fault nor theirs. Awm varry fond o' childer, an aw hooap to have some o' mi own one o' theas days,—that is, ov coorse, axin yor pardon for sayin sich a thing,—if awm ivver lucky enuff to find one 'at's willin to goa into partnership wi me." Poor Abel! his face wor as red as a hep; he'd niver sed as mich to a woman i' all his life befoor.

"O, you will soon find that, if you are in earnest. There are plenty waiting for just such a chance," shoo sed, an laffin merrily, shoo bid him gooid evenin an left him. He watched her into th' haase an stood still, an as gaumless as if he'd been a taligraph powl, an then moved slowly on towards hooam, mutterin, "Aw wonder if—aw wonder,—who knows."

Abel wanted noa drinkin nor supper that neet. He wor i' love. He tried to shake it off, an read th' evenin paper, but altho' he held it i'th' front on him, an stared at it for a long time, when he threw it daan, he knew noa moor nor he did when he tuk it up. "What a fool aw am," he sed, "to think abaat a young lady like yond. Why, if shoo wanted a chap, shoo could get a scooar onnyday 'at's better ner me." Then he went to th' lukkin glass an stroked his mustach, an he wor satisfied 'at ther worn't monny men i' Bradshaw 'at wor handsomer nor him. "Aw'll think noa moor abaat it," he sed, "A woman like yond'll want a chap 'at's booath brains an brass, but shoo'll niver find one 'at'll think as mich on her as aw do. Heigh ho!" he sed, "aw wish awd niver seen her. Aw'll goa to bed, an awst ha forgotten all abaght her bi mornin."

But that's just what he didn't do, for i'th' darkness an silence, he saw her breet braan e'en, an heeard her silvery laff, an fancied sometimes, he could

smell th' sprig o' ladslove he'd seen under her chin. He did drop off into a dooas nah an then, but shoo wor allus wi him. Sometimes he wor walkin wi her, wi his arm raand her waist; an sometimes he wor holdin her in his arms an lukkin into her e'en, an readin thear all his heart wor langin to know; an once he fancied they stood side by side i'th' church gettin wed, an just when he wor fummellin wi th' ring, he wor wakkened wi th' screeam o'th' factory whistle, an he had to hurry into his clooas an be off to his wark.

As he wor gooin, he had to pass old Ben's garden, an he stopt just to luk at a early rooas bush, 'at altho' it wor soa early i'th' year, had a number o' cream coloured buds just ready to burst into bloom on it. As he wor lukkin at it, Ben coom forrad,—“Nah, tha doesn't oft see rooas buds like them at this time o'th' year.”

“Nay, aw dooant think aw ivver did. Ha beautiful they are!” sed Abel.

Old Ben, went an cut off three o'th' finest an tein em together, sed, “Well, as tha admires em, tha can tak theas, ther'll sooin be plenty moor.”

“Thank yo, Ben. It's a shame to rob yo on em.”

“Nay, net it! Yo're varry welcome. It's likely for rain befoor neet an that'll spoil em.”

Abel pushed on wi all speed, wonderin what to do wi his rooas buds, but just as he wor passin th' schooil a thowt struck him. Th' haase whear th' taicher lived joined th' schooil, soa as he wor passin, he laid em on th' winder sill. It wor a rayther risky thing to do, but he hooaped for th' best, an maybe somdy wod find em who cared for sich things, at onny rate it wor better nor takkin em to wither i'th' milln.

Ha that day passed, he niver knew, but it ended at last, an wi a sad heart, he started for hooam. As he drew near th' schooil, he saw th' childer rompin abaat, an thear at th' gate wor standin th' taicher. He'd niver known her to be standin thear befoor, an he felt like turnin back, but he knew shoo must ha seen him, soa he pluckt up courage an went on. As he drew near, shoo smiled an bid him “Good evening.”

He lifted his cap an stood still starin at her, for thear, pinned on her bosom wor three rooasbuds. “What pratty flaars,” he sed, “but they're moor oppen nor they wor this mornin.”

“You know about them, then?” shoo sed, smilin. “One of my scholars found them on my window sill this morning, and I have kept wondering who had been so kind as to think of me. Thank you very much.”

“Yo're welcome, miss,—it's varry kind o' yo to wear em.”

“Oh, I dote on flowers!”

“We cannot all be flaars,” sed Abel, passin his hand ovver his forehead.

Are you not feelin well?” shoo axt.

“Noa, it's varry cloise for th' time o' year.”

“Yes, it is rather oppressive, but it is gettin cooler now, perhaps a walk woud do you good after being in the factory all day.”

“Aw darsay it wod, but aw niver wor one at cared to walk bi misen, an yo see aw've noa mate.”

“Will you take a walk with me? I am going out shortly.”

“Will aw!—Will aw! Willn't aw! say when.”

“I shall be ready in half an hour.”

“Soa shall aw. Whear mun aw meet yo?”

“Better fetch me from here. I will wait for you.”

“That's gooid enuff. Aw'll be back bith' shake ov a lamb's tail.”

Away he ran homewards, an in less than it taks to tell, he wor weshed an dressed an on his way back. Thear shoo stood waitin, an they wor sooin off, arm i' arm together. He wor a pratty gooid tawker in a ordinary way, but under sich strange sarcumstances he could think o' nowt to say. He wor just so happy, 'at he wor miserable, becoss he felt sure it couldn't last.

But shoo wor different. Shoo seemed to see summat to admire i' ivvery-thing they passed. Then shoo turned th' conversation to th' milln, an Abel

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felt on safer graand then, an varry sooin he wor givin her all particulars. He wor a varry gooid tawker when he gate started, an nah as he'd made a beginnin, he didn't know whear to stop. "Ther's lots o' grand lasses works thear, an gooid lasses too aw can assure yo," he sed.

"Amongst so many it's strange that you have not made choice of one."

"A'a, bless yo! They're nowt i' my line, in fact, aw niver met one to suit me until last neet, an aw dooant think shoo'd fancy me."

"Why?"

"Why, becoss shoo wodn't be content wi a common workin chap."

"But you don't consider yourself 'a common working chap,'" shoo sed, lukkin at him.

"What aw think o' misen, an what other fowk think on me mayn't agree. But what do yo think?"

"Our acquaintance has been so short, that I dare not hazard any opinion."

"Truly, we havn't known one another varry long, but aw hooap we've made a gooid start. If aw cannot bring this job to a successful finish aw'll niver try agean."

"It depends on what you consider 'a successful finish.'"

"Well, gettin wed wod be th' next step, an then,—ov coorse other things wod follo."

"Of course."

"By th' heart! lass,—miss, aw meean,—come hither,—" and he placed his arms raand her an squeezed her cloise to him,—"Just say th' word, an awst be th' happiest man i' Bradsha!"

"But this is so sudden,—so unexpected,—"

"Eeah, this is up-to-date style. Mail coaches are aght o' fashion,—we want motor cars an flyin machines nah. Aw just love yo as weel nah, as if awd known yo for a hundred year, an when aw want a peach aw want it wi th' bloom on. Aw dooant believe i' lettin it hing on till it wizzens, or somdy else sneaks it. It's noa use fitterin to get away until tha promises to ha me, or says tha doesn't want me."

"Well then, I promise," shoo sed, "and now let us hasten home, it must be growing late."

"We've had some varry important business to do, an it taks time."

Like two old sweethearts they walked along, tawkin ov things ov noa interest to onnybody but thersen, an Abel saw her safely at th' schooil, an then went to his own little cot, feelin bigger an breeter nor he'd ivver felt befoor.

A wick hadn't passed befoor ivverybody i' Bradshaw wor tawkin abaat Abel Crumsel an Miss Edith Edendale (that wor th' schooilmistress) bein engaged, an all th' old fowk wished em luck, an th' young lasses envied her, an th' chaps envied him. As ther engagement had started wi a bit ov a fullock, Abel wor detarmined to keep th' speed up. Th' weddin wor sattled to tak place i' three months, soa Abel had plenty to do. Ivvery Wednesdy neet, an ivvery Sundy, he devoted to Edith, an th' rest ov his time wor spent i' huntin for a suitable haase, an fittin it up fit for th' queen he intended to reign thear. He had a nice little sum i' th' bank, which he drew aght, an nearly ivvery neet saw him off awther to Halifax or Bradforth, buyin furnitur an fixins o' one sooart or another, an wi th' help ov th' old woman he lodged wi, they gat all into ther places, an as shoo sed it wor a little palace fit for a Queen. Abel thowt soa too, an one neet, a day or two befoor th' weddin, he tuk Edith to see it. Shoo wor delighted wi ivverything an sed soa, "and now," she said, "we must begin to economise and soon we shall be able to get a piano."

Abel knew shoo played th' piano sometimes, an he couldn't tell what had made him forget it, an he tell'd her th' piano wod be thear bi th' time it wor wanted. What bothered Abel wor 'at his brass wor all spent, but he knew they wor to be had bi payin a few shillin a wick, an altho' he didn't like th' idea o' havin owt i' th' haase 'at worn't paid for, he thowt owt wor

better nor havin to disappoint Edith. He knew nowt abaat pianos, but his maister wor a gooid player, soa he'd ax his advice. He did soa, an th' maister sed he had a friend i'th' trade at Bradforth an if Abel wod leave it to him, he would see to it that day. "How much are you prepared to spend?" he axt. "You should get a fair instrument for thirty pounds." Then Abel wor forced to tell him ha he wor fixed. "O, well, Abel, leave it to me and I'll get you as good a bargain as possible." An wod yo believe it! next day ther wor as grand a piano delivered at Abel's haase as ivver yo clapt yor e'en on, an better still, a nooat throo his boss axin him to accept it as a weddin present. "If we arn't makkin a gooid start, aw wonder who is," sed Abel.

Th' weddin mornin coom at last, an all th' scholars had a holiday. Ther wor a deal ov excitement i'th' village, for they wor booath well known an respected. As th' church wor varry near th' schooil Abel fotched her,—they had noa carriages, an as they walked together,—him hansome an praad, an her elegant an modest, fowk all declared they wor th' nicest couple they'd ivver seen. When th' sarimony wor ovver, an they marched aght as man an wife, they wor greeted wi a gooid Yorksher cheer, an th' scholars stood i' lines, each wi a bunch o' flaaers, mooastly daises an butter cups, an old Ben presented th' bride wi a bunch o' rooas-buds, which must ha robbed his garden entirely.

They'd decided to spend ther honeymoon i' ther own haase, partly to save expense, an partly becoss Edith, (Mrs. Crumsel) wanted to invite some o'th' friends who'd been soa kind to em, an th' furst thing they did wor to sit daan an decide who should be axt. Th' raam worn't big enuff to alaa for moor ner a duzzen beside thersen, an it tuk a long time to decide who they should be. Mrs. Crumsel said it would be better to send a written invitation to each one.

"Ther's nowt like makkin a gooid start," he sed, "aw'll leave it all to thee." Soa shoo wrate em all an invite to be present on a wick to-day, to tak a cup o' teah an have some music. It wor a long job, but at last they wor all written an stampt ready for th' pooast. Then shoo laid em aside, an began, as shoo sed, her haasehold duties. Aw forgate to mention 'at it wor Setterdy when they wor wed, an soa they had Sundy all to thersen, an yo can fancy ha happy they wor. Mondy mornin Abel showed up at his wark as usual, mich to th' surprise o'th' fowk thear.

Mrs. Crumsel wor varry thrang, for shoo meant to show Abel's friends 'at shoo knew moor nor what shoo cewt th' childer. Shoo wor praad ov her cake makkin, an didn't play second fiddle when it coom to rooastin a chicken, or makkin a beef steak pie. Able wor as thrang as her amang it when he wor thear, an his maath wor watterin all th' time he wor at hooam as he saw furst one lot o' fancy things after another lifted aght o'th' ooven.

When th' day coom ivvery thing 'at could be expected or desired wor ready. He'd been to see old Ben an gotten a lot o' green stuff an some flaaers to ornament th' table, an befoor six o'clock, th' table was laid an all they had to do wor to get dressed up for th' occasion. In another hawf haar they wor booath ready an waitin for visitors. Abel wor fidgetty, things lukt soa temptin an ther wor sich a smell o' gooid stuff, till he could hardly wait, but he thowt he'd rayther pine nor touch owt, for he wanted all his friends to see what a clivver wife he'd gotten. Seven o'clock wor th' time for em to show up, but as yet nubby had put in an appearance.

"Dooant worry," he sed to his wife, "they'll be here in a bit, they dooant want to seem in a hurry for fear yo mud think em greedy." Hawf past seven, an noa signs ov onnybody commin. "It's too bad," sed Edith, "that chicken will be dried to a stick, an the tea won't be fit to drink."

"Eeah, it's rayther too bad, but tha mun think nowt abaat it, for they're a slow lot i' Bradshaw, but when they start they'll mak up for lost time."

Eight o'clock, an still noa signs o' onnybody. Edith wor sheddin tears

an Abel kept gooin to see if ther wor onny signs o' some on em. Then he went to a little desk he had in a corner, an began to turn things over a bit.

"What's theas?" he sed, as he flung a handful o' letters into Edith's lap.

"Why," she gaspt, "why, these are the invitations! They have never been sent."

"Well, aw'll goa to hummer!" sed Abel, "Thear tha art, sittin sniftin abaat fowk net commin to ther drinkin, when tha's nivver axt em. By gow! it's just like a woman is that."

"It's quite as much your fault as mine. How did I know that you had not posted them?"

"That's reight, lig it o' me. Aw've had nowt to do wi thi bloomin parties."

"Now, that's quite enough, Mr. Crumsel; you are forgetting yourself."

"That's just what aw have been dooin, but draw up an let's mak a start; awm nooan gooin to see all theas gooid things wasted. Shall ha gie thi a bit o' chicken or a hunk o' beefsteak pie."

"Nothing for me, thank you, Mr. Crumsel."

"Nah, come Edith,—tha knows little trubbles, sich as this, dooant upset sensible fowk. Awm varry sooary on thy accaant, but remember ha sooary them fowk'll be 'at should ha been here, when they get to know. We made a gooid start an if ther's been a bit ov a miss at th' finish, what's it matter."

"I'm not annoyed at that."

"Well, awm sooary, noa matter what it is, but just try a bit o' this chicken, it's lovely."

"Yes, I'll take a little of the *blooming* chicken."

"O, that's it,—awd noa business to call it a bloomin party. Well, aw'll be moor careful i'th' futer. Aw'll goa wesh mi maath aght, an see if aw connot keep it cleean for th' futer. Aw forgate for a minnit 'at awd wed a lady."

"Thank you, dear, and never give me reason to think that my husband is not a gentleman." "Amen, lass, Amen;—just try a piece o' this pie."

Martha Ann.

MARTHA ANN, oh, Martha Ann,
 Tell me, lassie, if you can,
 What it is makes all men see
 So much excellence in thee?
 Is it thou art fair and young,
 Or is it just thy prattling tongue
 Fascinates us for a while,
 Or thy wicked, winsome smile?
 What's it we can none resist?
 Wherein does thy charm consist,
 Martha Ann?

When my eyes first fell on thee,
 Filling me with ecstasy,
 Fairest vision I e'er met—
 Oh, that night I'll ne'er forget,—
 Lips that bubbled o'er with fun,
 Eyes that shone like mid-day sun,—
 Hair that wantoned o'er thy brow,
 Yet, became thee well, somehow;
 And thy laughter, bright and gay,
 Fairly stole my heart away,
 Martha Ann.

Then the funny tales thou told,
 Ne'er will leave me, tho' I'm old;
 Even now at times I hear
 In my dreams, distinct and clear,
 Funny bits of jokes and wit,
 Which bring on a laughing fit.
 And I long to hear once more
 Others from thy boundless store;
 Surely no one else could tell
 Those quaint stories half so well,
 Martha Ann.

T'other night I dreamt of thee,
 'Twas a strange dream you will see,—
 For to church I thought we went,
 And to wed was our intent.
 Never was a fairer bride
 Than the one I stood beside.
 All the people stood in rows,
 And each one a bouquet throws,
 And a floral path they made,
 For me and my blushing maid,
 Martha Ann.

After wedding, why, of course,
 We adjourned to the "White Horse,"
 Where a dinner, rich and grand,
 Was placed ready to our hand,
 So we ate and drank our fill,—
 Bade 'Good by,' and paid the bill,
 Then off home,—no loss of time,—
 Anxious I to prove thee mine;
 Then we shortly went to bed,
 And some loving words we said,
 Martha Ann.

Oh! my heart was beating fast,
 For my love was mine at last.
 Anxious I to taste a kiss,
 And the sweets of wedded bliss;
 Gently turning to my dear,
 Full of hope yet half in fear,
 Then I woke,—and woe is me!
 Not a vestige could I see,
 Full of grief and wild despair;—
 Alas! alas! you were not there,
 Oh, Martha Ann.

Dick an Liddy.

T'OTHER day aw happened to be at Huthersfield, an who should aw meet but mi old friend Dick an his wife, Liddy. Aw wor fain to see em, for we allus manage to have a bit ov a crak ovver a pipe an a glass when we get together.

"Hallo, owd Foghorn!" aw sed, "What's browt thee here?" (we call him Foghorn becoss ov his voice.)

"Nay, tha mun ax Liddy, if tha wants to know. Aw owt to be thang at

hooam killin catterpillars i' yond farm o' mine. But tha happen doesn't know 'at aw've gotten a farm? It's true enuff, an as sooin as we've gotten throo th' business 'at's browt us here, we're gooin hooam an tha'rt welcome to come wi us an see it for thisen. Has ta iver had owt to do wi farmin? It's a fine healthy spooart for fowk 'at isn't feear'd ov a bit o' wark, an tha knows aw wor allus one 'at believed i' wark."

"Wark!" sed Liddy, "awd like to catch thi at it. If tha could once leet ov a job an start on it, tha'd nivver be baght agean, for tha'd nivver finish it. All tha knows abaght wark is tawkin abaght it, or watchin somdy else do it."

"Nay, nay, Liddy;—tha mud gie a chap a gooid word sometimes. Didn't aw work for aboon a whooal clock haar i' yond garden this mornin befoor tha gate aght o' bed? Tawk abaat wark! mi poor back aches when aw think abaat it."

"It's moor likely to be th' belly wark nor th' backwark. Aw wonder sometimes whear tha finds raam for all tha swallows. But awd like to know what tha did this mornin?"

"Why didn't aw gether a quart pot full o' catterpillars off yond first row o' cabbages?"

"Aw nivver saw em. What's ta done wi em?"

"Aw threw em to th' hens, an tha should ha seen ha they gobbled em up. It wor as gooid as a sarcus, for they stuffed thersen soa as when they tried to walk they fell ovver ther crops, an aw thowt th' cock wor gooin to have a fit o' appleplexy."

"Shut up, do,—aw cant believe a word tha says. They must ha been slow moocationed catterpillars 'at let thee catch em."

"Well, if they're as slow i' gettin aght o'th' gate as tha art i' gettin thi hand i' thi pocket, they are slow. Aw wonder whear tha leearn'd thi manners, if tha iver did leearn onny. Here we've met an old friend,—one 'at went to thi father's funeral an'll be happy to do as mich for thee when th' time comes,—an tha stands gassin thear abaat a two o' three old catterpillars, asteead o' invitin him into th' George Hotel 'at's starin thi ith' face, an treatin him as a lady owt to do. Awm shamed on thi, Liddy! Aw raily am."

"Awm thankful if ther's owt can shame thee, if ther wor aw think tha'd be shamed o' thisen sometimes. But leead th' way in for aw know nowt abaat drinkin shops. An tak nooatice,—three four penoths an net a drop moor, soa nah tha knows."

We all went in an gat snugly set daan an th' order wor gien for drinks. In abaat a minnit they wor browt in wi a buxom lass net far off sixteen stooan, but as active as a squirrel an as hansom as a pictur. As sooin as shoo saw us shoo put daan th' tray an says, "Well, if iver! Why Dick, aw thowt tha must awther be deead or else sarvin time. Whear's ta been puttin thisen?"

"Why, lass, tha sees aw've been varry thrang for aw've goooan into th' farmin line. But fotch another glass for thisen for tha'll be like to drink gooid health to th' farm."

"One o'th' old sooart aw reckon, Dick?"

"Whativver tha's a mind, but luk sharp, for aw've some business to do, an aw want to get hooam."

Shoo went aght, an as sooin as shoo'd goooan, Liddy sed, "Who i'th' name o' gooidness is yond forrad thing?"

"Ho, that's Pansy,—shoo's a sooart ov a relation o' mine. Her father used to gether horsemuck for a cussin o' mine."

"Aw dooant care who her father gethered horsemuck for, but aw know awm net gooin to pay for her drink."

"Nah, then,—th' fats i'th' fire agean is it? Aw nivver saw sich a jaylus woman as thee i' all mi life! If aw spaik a civil word to a petticoit hung on a clooas line, tha'rt up in a minnit. Aw wodn't have sich a jaylus mind as thine, for all aw could see."

Pansy coom in smilin, an puttin daan her glass, set daan next to Dick, who had to squeeze cloise to me to mak raam for her.

"Ther's plenty o' raam o' this side withaath crushin up like that," sed Liddy.

"Oh, awst do varry nicely here, thank yo. We've been cloiser ner this monny a time ; havent we, Dick?"

"A'a, aw've noa mem'ry for sich things, but sup up, for we mun be gooin, for we've a lot to do an this shop's gettin warm. Ha mich do aw owe for that drink." "Nobbut sixpence to thee, Dick, tha knows aw allus favour thee."

"Well, aw dooant know what aw mun do, for aw havn't a penny an th' wife says shoo willn't pay."

"Is this woman yor wife? Yo must ha gotten wed latly," sed Pansy.

"Well, it's a wick or two sin, reight enuff," sed Dick, gettin up an gooin towards th' door. "Tha'll ha to trust me that sixpence."

"Aw'll trust thee nowt onny moor ! Aw believe tha's been tellin me a lot o' lies, but if aw find tha's been desayvin me, aw'll mak thee give an accaant o' thisen befor th' betters," an Pansy began to wipe her e'en on her apron."

Aw tuk Liddy bi th' arm an led her aghtside an Dick follered. "Well, this is a doo an noa mistak ! Just to fancy yond young woman mistakkin me for somdy else. If yo hadn't known me, yo mud ha thowt all sooarts o' things. It's a gooid job Liddy happened to be wi me or ther's noa tellin what mud ha happened. It's a true sayin 'at "The just must suffer for the unjust. An shoo's a varry nice lass for all that," an Dick began to tune up—

"Though little I am, I would labour hard,

If I could get employ,

To plough an sow, to reap an mow,

And be a farmer's boy,—Hoy, Hoy, and be a farmer's boy."

"Do, for gooidness sake, shut up. Tha'll set th' tram cars off at th' boggard. Fowk'll think we're all wrang in us heead."

"Nay, nowt at soart," shaated Dick. "They'll think we're natives."

"Hold thi noise an let's get this shoppin done," sed Liddy, "it'll be dark befor we get hooam."

"Well, then,—tak th' furst jewellers shop we come to," sed Dick. We hadn't far to goa on th' Lion Arcade to find one.

"This'll do," sed Dick, as he stood hesitatin at th' shop door. "A'a ! shopkeepers in a place like this have a lot to leearn. Just fancy,—a door-step like that, cleean enuff to ait off on. Why, fowk hardly dar goa in for fear o' makkin muck. When aw kept th' Albion, as sooin as th' lass had weshed an scaard th' front step, aw used to goa into th' backyard an walk i' all th' muck aw could find, an then walk over th' steps two or three times to let fowk see ther wor some business gooin on. But come forrad." An in we went. "Pleas, sir, aw want to buy a little article o' jewellry,—gooid quality an reasonable price,—summat net neat but gawdy, suitable for a gentleman farmer like me."

"And what shall I have the pleasure of showing you?"

"Aw want a collar stud."

"How will this style suit you?"

"They willn't do at all. Aw want one wi a bigger heead. Yo see, my wife maks all my shirts, an shoo maks th' button hoils i' th' shirt neck as big as th' slit in a child's money box an little things like that slip through."

"Well, about what size would you like?"

"Owt between th' size ov a brass button an a craan piece."

"Afraid we have nothing so large as that ; here are the largest size we have, and the largest made I believe."

"Well, aw'll have to mak that size do."

"How many would you like?"

"Aw bowt three last time, aw think awd better tak three nah."

"Thank you, sir ;—anything else?"

"Yo havn't sich a thing as a warnin pan, aw reckon."

"No, sir, you'll get that at the ironmongers."

"Oh,—well, ha mich for this lot?"

"Two-pounds ten, please."

"Ha mich?"

"Fifty shillings."

"Nah, maister, yo dooant meean to try to mak me believe 'at yo can pay rent for a fine shop like this an sell stuff at sich a price as that. Why! It'll be ruination awther to yo or th' customer! Nay, aw shall do noa trade wi yo to-day. Th' last aw bowt wor three on a card, an aw paid a penny for em i'th' market, an that's nearer my cut. Yo'll varry likely catch a bigger mug nor me some day, gooid afternooin." An wi that we marched out.

It didn't tak us long to get to th' Market, an Dick weared a penny on a collar stud, an then we turned towards hooam.

Just as we'd getten to th' tram car 'at runs to Deeton, Dick sed, "A'a, by gow! Aw've forgotten summat. Yo two goa on hooam an aw'll follo. It willn't tak me aboon an haar. Off wi yo."

"We'st goa nooan baght thee," sed Liddy. "Aw know thee, an tha cannot play them tricks o' me. It's Pansy tha'rt after. Tha mud think we wor all bliined an gawmless."

"Did ivver onnybody heear a woman goa on i' sich a way! Has ta forgotten what aw tell'd thee abaat buyin a gooa? Aw promised to goa for it to-day, an if aw dooant turn up, he'll sell it to somdy else, an then tha'll have noa milk for thi braikfast to-morn, for aw seckt th' milkman this mornin."

"Why, that is soa. Awd forgotten. We'd better all turn back."

"What! Three on us to goa to Linley to fotch a bit ov a gooa? What should we luk like, thinks ta? Remember aw've a character to keep up. Sin aw gat that White Horse, awm a man ov importance."

"If tha's onny character, tha'd better loise it," sed Liddy, "but off wi thi, an see tha lands hooam sober an brings th' gooa safe, an mind tha doesn't call to see Pansy."

Dick didn't wait to hear onny moor, he made straight for th' tram for Linley, an wor sooin on his way. "Aw made a reight mess on it that time, to think awd noa moor sense nor to call at th' George when awd th' wife wi mi. Ov coorse, that should prove me innocent.—Noa matter,—it'll blow over, an when aw get this gooa hooam, Liddy will have summat else to think abaat, for shoo's getten booath dogs an cat,—cocks an hens, rattens i'th' cellar, an catterpillars i'th' garden, to say nowt abaat th' White Horse itsen, an if that issent enuff to occupy her mind aw'll get a elephant or a camel, when aw can leet on one cheeap. It dussent do to let a woman have too mich time to sit daan an think, for they're sewer to think abaat things 'at's better to be forgotten. Well, here aw am at last. Aw wish aw could get a ride back, but they willn't tak cattle as passengers. It'll be all daan hill gooin back that's a blessin."

In a few minnits Dick had faand his man an getten his gooa. "Nah, this luks like summat," sed Dick.

"Yo'll find that all reight, maister, but yo mun be careful becoss it's a bit ov a butter."

"Aw'll watch it, but aw see it's noa shoes on."

"We dooant shoe gooats i' this pairt o'th' country."

"Oh, aw see. Well, awst leearn a thing or two as aw get to know moor abaat sich things. Aw've nivver had onny truck wi sich like befor."

"Tha'll know moor bi th' time tha gets hooam. Gooid neet."

"Nah then! stop thi marlocks! We're nooan gooin to play sarcus. If tha doesn't behave thisen, tha'll get a bit o' shoe toa. Tha'rt like all th' rest o' wimmen kind,—tha wants to be contrary. But just wait wol aw get a leet to mi pipe an then aw'll show thi ha to goa daan this hill, two steps at a time."

Dick lapped th' roop he wor leeadin it wi raand his arm, an after fillin his

pipe he crouched daan under a wall to try to get a leet, for it wor varry windy. This seemed to be just what th' goot wor watchin for, an puttin its heead daan it made a run for Dick, an catchin him on th' fleshiest pairt ov his back, sent him sprawlin his whoal length into th' gutter.

"O, that's thi little gam, is it. By gow, lass! wait wol aw get thee hooam, an aw'll gie thee bell tinker for this. This coit'll nivver be fit to be seen agean; an it belongs to awr William Henry. It's war nor if he'd been laikin football in it. Th' chap sed tha wor a bit ov a butter, but it's me 'at'll want some butter awm thinkin. Aw dooant think awst be able to sit daan agean for a wick. Ger-r-r on wi thi! Tha'rt noa butter, tha artn't daycent margerine. Tha's noa need to stand thear shakkin thi heead at me. Aw'll fettle thi ear hoil for thi when aw get thi hooam. Tha'll ha to gie a pint o' milk extra, ivvery mornin for a month to pay for this."

Th' goot seemed better tempered for a bit an jogged along varry nicely, but it wodn't keep at th' same side o'th' rooad for mony yards at a time, an as ther'd been a gooid sup a rain durin th' day, an plenty o' puddles, he wor splashed up to th' neck an his booits wor full o' watter bi th' time he gat back to Huthersfield.

"Nubbut three mile moor; aw wish tha wor awther thear at hooam or back whear tha coom throo. Awd gie sixpence for a pint o' fourpenny this minnit if aw could get it, but it's noa use for if they willn't let childer under fourteen goo in, they'll nooan let thee, an awm nooan gooin to leeav thee aghtside, if aw did th' dule ud fotch thi, an aw believe tha'rt his dower. Ger-r-r on, wi thi, an let th' tram car alooan, it'll mell nooan o' thee! What are ta waltzin raand me for? does ta tak me for a May Powl?"

Then it set off agean at full speed, an as th' rooap wor five or six times raand Dick's legs, it made him spin raand like a castle top an he lost his balance an sat daan i'th' middle o'th' rooard. When he upended hissen he grooaned. "Well, we are enjoyin ussen to some pattern! This licks Black-pool sands. If it wor awr William Henry asteead o' me, aw could enjoy this furst rate. Aw'st get hooam sometime, if ivver, an th' next time aw fotch a goot aw'll tak a landaw. Ger-r-r on, Belzebub, an see if tha con keep i'th' middle o'th' rooad. It's war nor Napoleon crossin th' Alps is this."

After a few moor mishaps, they landed at th' White Horse an Dick tuk th' goot reight throo into th' kitchen, whear wor a few friends sittin wi' Liddy.

"Well, ov all!" shaated Liddy, "Has ta noa moor sense nor to come into a place when tha'rt i' sich a state! Th' goot has moor sense nor thee! If aw wor a man an couldn't goa a bit ov a eearand withaat gettin drunk an rollin i'th' rooad like that, awd hang misen!"

"Aw wish tha wod, for awm abaad done."

"Eeah, aw've noa daat tha does, but awm nooan gooin to put misen aght o'th' gate to mak raam for Pansy, nor to please thee awther!"

"Shut up, lass do, for awm i' noa humour for jooakin to-neet."

Just then William Henry coom in, an after starin at his father for a minnit, he sed, "What's up? Are yo feelin badly?" but Dick nivver spaik; an his face wor as white as a sheet, for he'd fainted reight away. Then all wor confusion. "Goa fotch a drop o' brandy, an luk sharp," sed Liddy, wol shoo tried to loise his collar, an stroked his heead.

"A'a, dear," shoo sed, "It's just what aw've been expectin! He'll come hooam deead one o' theas days if he doesn't mind. He forgets 'at he isn't as young as he used to be. He's nooan fit to goa trapsin abaad wi wild beests o' that mak. Lord ha mercy on us! If owt had to happen to him aw dooant know what wod become on us."

William Henry wor sooin back wi a sup o' brandy in a glass an they sooin managed to get a few drops into him, an he oppened his e'en an stared raand, gaumless like for a minnit, an tried to sit up, but he worn't able. "Sit thi still a minnit or two, lad, tha'll be better in a bit. My word, but tha's gien me a turn. Aw wish th' goot wor far enuff! Nah, William

Henry, just thee tak that craytur into th' stable an then come an help me to get thi father's coit an shoes off, an we'll see if we cannot get him to bed. Poor lad! He's ommost killed hissen tryin to get me a drop o' gooa's milk becoss awd been tell'd it ud do me some gooid. Aw wish awd kept mi maath shut, for if aw say a word abaght wantin owt, he'll goa throo fire an watter to get it for me."

William Henry went to seize th' gooa, which wor standin varry quiet, makkin a supper off Liddy's Sundy bonnet.

"Put that daan! Tha may be hungry, but we're nooan gooin to keep thee wi stuff aght o' awr Nelly's shop," he sed.

"Tak it away and see tha fessens it up weel, an then mak it a pail full o' mail gruel," sed Dick, who wor just commin raand, "an when aw goa to mawk it i'th' mornin, aw'll gie it some gruel ov another sooart if it starts playin onny moor antics wi me."

"Aw wish tha'd niver bowt it," sed Liddy, "that bonnet cost me moor nor tha's paid for th' gooa, an aw've niver had it on but twice; but it's mi own fault for ivver spaikin abaath gooa's milk."

Dick had no objections to mak when they helpt him off wi his coit an booits, an Liddy tuk hold ov his arm to help him up to bed, for he wor tired aght.

"Bring that rubbin bottle upstairs wi thi, an a drop o' that brandy willn't happen be amiss," sed Dick, an wishin "Gooid neet" to th' compny he left em. It wor some time befoor Liddy coom daan to join em an when shoo did shoo'd a varry anxious luk on her face. In reply to ther enquiries, shoo sed, "Well, yo niver saw sich a seet i' yor life. He's all black an blue as if he'd met wi a railway accident. It'll tak months befoor he gets his complection back agean, but ther's one gooid thing abaght it,—it's whear it willn't be seen when he's dressed. Nah, all on yo, sup up an have a glass wi me, for yor all lukkin as solemn as if yo'd come to a funeral. Aw wish Martha Ann wod pop in for a minnit or two, shoo'd liven us up a bit."

"Haven't yo seen her latly," axt Caleb.

"Noa, shoo doesn't come oft, for shoo's varry thrang wi her Sundy Schooil wark. Shoo mooastly slips in for a bit o' Sundy neets, an shoo's gotten some moor tales 'at'll mak yo split yor sides."

"Aw wonder whear shoo gets all her tales?"

"Oh, ther's some breet lads goas to that schooil, an they all tak a fancy to Martha Ann. Shoo's a varry plain spokken lass, but ther's noa ill in her. Awd trust her farther nor some o' theas maily-maathed ens. Shoo'll mak somdy a gooid wife someday, an it's to be hooaped shoo'll get one to suit her. A fine pushin young chap is what shoo wants, nooan o' theas slow mooationed lawts sich as ther is abaath here. Nowt less nor a solid 22 carat, hall mark, will suit her." "Aw think ther's somdy tawkin to William Henry," sed Caleb, "an it saands varry like Martha Ann."

"It's nubby else!" sed Liddy, "A'a, Martha Ann, we wor just tawkin abaath thi,—aw wor just sayin tha'd mak a gooid wife to some daycent chap."

"Ther's nowt as sewer as that, but they're all short o' pluck. Ther's been two or three smellin after me, but they niver coom reight to th' point. Awm quite ready to buckle on, an ther's a fine oppenin for one 'at's anxious to wed an saddle daan," sed Martha Ann.

"Awm sewer on it, lass,—but what are ta gooin to have to sup, we've nob-but just gotten aw in. A drop o' warm gin an watter'll do thi noa harm?"

"It'll do as weel as owt. But aw munnot stop long, for aw've left a caah heel boilin for th' supper, for aw wor feelin a bit peckish, an when a lass has to sleep bi hersen, shoo wants a bit o' summat for her inside," sed Martha Ann. "But whear's Dick? Aw havn't seen or heeard him sin aw coom."

"Dick's i' bed, whear he's likely to stop for a day or two awm feeard."

"A'a, awm soary to hear it. It caps me 'at men should have noa moor sense nor to sup an swill wol they mak thersen badly, an pay for it too, that licks me."

"Tha'rt wrang this time, Martha Ann, it isn't drink, but he's had a accident. Tha niver saw sich a mess as he's made ov hissen. Theas fowk wor here when he landed hooam. He gave us all a shock," sed Liddy, an then shoo gave her a full accaant ov what had happened.

"Why it mud ha knockt his brains aght."

"It wod had done if his brains had been thear, but it may have knockt some sense into him as it is."

"Poor old Dick! Yo mun luk weel after him, for he's promised to wed me when he taks a second. But yo needn't be jaylus, yo know ha he tawks. Tell him Martha Ann sends him her kind love an if he wants rubbin he's nowt to do nobbut spaik. When awr parson fell off his horse an hurt his leg, they sent for me to rub him, an he sed aw did better for him nor onnybody else, but he played me a meean trick at th' finish."

"Why, ha wor that, lass," sed Caleb.

"Well, yo see, aw couldn't mak it aght ha it wor; but ivvery time aw went to rub he lafft, an he kept laffin all th' time, an his poor wife used to give me a shillin ivvery time, an say, "Really, Martha Ann, I don't know how you manage it, but he is always so cheerful and seems so much better after your visit." An then when he gat weel, he tell'd em awd been rubbin th' wrang leg all th' time. But just yo wait till he falls off agean, an if they send for me, he willn't foil me like that, for aw'll rub em booath, and then awst be sewer to be reight."

"Awm soary it's soa lat, but aw mun ax yo to sup up for it's shuttin up time, an awst be pleased to see yo agean onny time, an Martha Ann, see if tha cannot contrive to get here a bit sooner an then tha shall see th' gooaat."

Good nights wer sed all raand, an sooin all wor quiet, an all i' bed.

Next mornin Dick wor varry stiff an sooar, but as he wor varry dry he managed to get some clooas on an crept daan stairs. He'd sooin a sup o' teah made an a drop o' summat in it to give it a flavor, an then he thowt abaat milkin th' gooaat, for he knew th' braikfast wod be ready varry sooin an th' milk wod be wanted.

Soa he gat a cleean pail, one to hold four or five gallon. "Aw should think this'll be big enuff. Aw know nowt abaat milkin gooaats," he sed, but it's niver to lat to leearn. Aw hooap it'll behave itsen, for aw dooant feel up to mich this mornin, but th' old lass shall have a drop o' milk schews ha."

Ha Dick went on aw cannot say, but aw fancy he'd a lively time, for when he coom back th' sweat wor rollin daan his face, an he lukt as if he'd met wi a disappointment. Th' braikfast wor all ready an Liddy wor lukkin as spruce as a new pin, an ham an eggs sent up a scent 'at made Dick's maath watter, for he'd had nowt to ait sin yesterdys dinner.

"Come on to thi braikfast," sed Liddy, "awm sewer tha'll want it for tha luks fitter to be i' bed nor gooin a milkin. Has ta gotten onny?"

"Niver a drop. Aw think it's run dry, an if it's as dry as me, it's dry enuff. Aw dooant think aw understand it reightly. If it had a tap 'at aw could ha turned on, aw could ha managed weel enuff, but aw'll own to it awm licked this time. Tha'd better goa an have a try. It's teed up safe enuff, soa tha's nowt to be feeard on."

"Deary me! It's just what aw expected, if ther's owt to do aw'st ha to do it. Aw expect tha frettened it wi th' seet o' that pail. Does ta think a gooaat can give milk enuff to fill that?" An takin a little jug, shoo went to try her luck. Shoo wor a long time away an William Henry wor gettin uneasy, but at last shoo coom in, lukkin as black as a mule, an put th' jug full o' milk on th' table wi a bang, but niver spaik a word.

"What's up, lass," sed Dick, "tha seems to ha managed a deaal better nor me, but tha doesn't seem suited abaat summat."

"Dooant tawk to me!" shoo sed, "Aw can put up wi a gooid deaal, but tha's gooaan a bit too far this time. "It's noa jooak isn't this, it's a reglar

insult, an a man o' thy years owt to be ashamed to put thi heead aght o'th' door." "Why, aw dooant know what aw've done wrang. Aw've monny a time sung,—

Whear are yo gooin to, my pretty maid?
Awm gooin a milkin, sir, shoo sed.

an aw thowt shoo allus coom back smilin, but it seems it works different wi some fowk. But dooant goa agean, lass. Leave it to William Henry an me."

"Aw wish tha'd stop tawkin. Nawther William Henry nor a regiment o' solgers can get onny milk aght o' yond."

"Why, ha's that, mother," sed William Henry, "yo seem to ha gotten some." "It's what aw've bowt an paid for."

Braikfast over, Dick an William Henry went to see th' goat. As sooin as William Henry had a luk at it, he crackt aght o' laffin, an couldn't spaik for iver so long. "What's matter nah?" sed Dick.

"Why, goats o' that sooart dooant gie milk. Ha, ha! fowk will laff!"

"Awm net mich ov a natteral history chap. But a goat's a goat, an aw thowt all goat's gave milk. All caahs gie milk, dooant they?"

"Eeah, but bull's dooant."

"But that's noa bull,—if it is aw'll ait it."

"Noa, but it's a Billy goat an yo wanted a Nanny goat."

"What has th' name to do wi it?"

"Why, this is a hemale an yo wanted a shemale."

"Ho! Well, it's a easy matter to miss it. Noa wonder thi mother gate her dander up. Ther's war things nor this happens at seah. We mun mak th' best on it.

"Though little I am, I would labour hard,

If I could get employ,

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,

And be a farmer's boy,—hoy, hoy;—and be a farmer's boy."

"Tha mun goa an explain things to thi mother wol aw goa an have a quiet glass to misen an think things over."

When Liddy gat to know all abaat it, shoo lafft wol shoo fair dithered agean. "We'll say noa moor abaght it," shoo sed, "noa daat he wor dooin all for th' best as far as he knew, soa we'll give him credit for meeanin weel, but aw hooap he'll niver play sich a trick o' me agean. If Martha Ann gets to know shoo'll mak a rare tale on it."

Some ha th' tale gate wind, an aw fancy William Henry tell'd, but they didn't loise owt by it, for th' White Horse has done a better trade iver sin, an fowk throo Huthersfield an Dewsbury oft tak a walk as far to see Dick an his goat, soa it browt him luck after all.

Dick is still thear, an allus glad to see his friends, an he's built up a fine reputation for supplyin a drop o' gooid stuff, an onnybody 'at's hungry has nowt to do but call in at th' reight time an they can have a tuck in o' summat booath strengthenin an satisfyin, free gratis, for nowt, an noa stint.

Th' goat isn't thear nah, for Dick findin it nawther useful nor ornamental sent it to a butcher, a friend of his,—who killed it, an sed he'd niver seen a bit o' grander mutton in his life. Mutton broth an mutton steaks, an mutton pies wor th' order o'th' day at th' White Horse for a wick or two, an they hooap if iver Dick buys another goat it'll be one o'th' same sooart.

It's hard to tell whether he'll be successful as a farmer or net, for he doesn't know as mich abaat it as he thinks he does, for it wor nubbut tother day a friend faand him plantin eggs i' hooaps ov raisin a crop o' Spring chickens. He's a gooid hearted chap an aw wish him gooid luck. Ther's a deal war nor Dick, an noa better nor Liddy can be met wi. Aw've tried to tell this tale in my simple way, but if yo want to enjoy it as it should be, awd advise yo to call in an hear Dick tell it.

Grimes turns Miser.

"WHEN a chap's gotten to my time o' life it's noa easy thing to begin an alter ther way o' livin. But ther are times when it has to be done, an aw've come to th' conclusion 'at this is th' time for me to do it. Th' same brass 'at use to keep me an Mally comfortably an leeav a trifle to spend on pleasur twenty year sin, willn't do it nah. We ait noa moor an we burn noa moor coils, an awm sewer we spend less on fine clooas nor what we used to do, but if aw have to ax Mally for sixpence for bacca, or even tuppence for a drink, shoo sighs an grooans as if aw wor drawin her teeth."

It isn't oft aw dooant get it, but even when aw do, it spoils th' pleasur o' spendin it when yo get it that way. Aw've a nooation Mally pays moor for things nor ther's onny occasion for. Aw dooant like to say owt to her abaat it, but aw feel awst ha to tak th' management into mi own hands. If awr Hepsabah can feed hersen an her husband an four growin lads on her income, which isn't as mich as mine bi monny a shillin a wick, aw dooant see why we shouldn't be able to live an save a trifle. But here shoo comes, soa awd better get it off mi chest at once, for aw dooant know ha shoo'll tak it."

"Nah, Mally lass, caar thi daan, tha luks fair fagged aght. Whear's ta been trapesin to this mornin?"

"Aw've nobbut been to Betsy Greenhuds to get a two-o-three puttates, but ivverything's sich a price wol awm fair afeeard o' gooin to buy owt."

"Aw dooant wonder at that, for Betsy knows ha to charge. When awm walkin aght, aw oft see stuff at hawf th' price tha pays her. Shoo's bowt yond shop they tell me, an it isn't aboon five year sin shoo first oppened it, an shoo hadn't as mich brass at that day as wod ha bowt th' door kay. Ther's a lot o' awr brass gooaan towards it. Aw think it's abaat time we had a alteration o' things; if we goa on i' this fashion we'st sooin be i'th' warkus. Tha does thi best aw know, but tha'rt too tender hearted an they tak advantage on thi."

"Nah, Sammywell, if tha thinks tha can do onny better ner awm dooin, tha'd better tak hold an do it. But it'll be God help us when tha starts o' marketin!"

"Ther's noa 'God help us' abaght it. It's a bit o' common sense 'at's wanted, that's all."

"Then it owt to suit thee, for tha's th' commonest sense ov onnybody aw ivver met. A bonny mess tha'd mak if tha went to market for tha connot tell th' difference between a leg o' mutton an a sheep heead. Sit thi daan an smook thi pipe, that's all tha'rt fit for nah."

"It's noa use thee tellin me to sit daan an smook mi pipe, when tha knows aw've noa bacca. Aw've nivver had a reek sin yesterdy, an to-morn 'll be th' third day."

"Save thi reight! If it's too mich trubble for thi to luk after thi own bacca, tha desarves to goa baght. Tha costs moor i' bacca ner wod keep a pig."

"Eeah, if it wor a guinea pig. But awm nooan grummelin. Tha knows ha awm trubbled wi wind."

"If tha'd less wind sometimes tha'd be easier to live wi. Here's sixpence, sithee, but dooant ware it all at once. An aance will nobbut be thipence hawpny, an be sewer tha brings th' change back. Aw connot afford it an aw think tha could do varry weel withaait it. It's time tha should study economy. What wi Lloyd George taxin bacca an blooid puddins, workin fowk'll sooin be starved to deeach. If King Edward had been alive, awd ha sent him word abaat it, an he'd sooin ha altered things. It's all varry weel for them 'at's five thaasand paand o' year to live on, a extra hawpny on

a aance o' bacca doesn't matter mich, but ther's one bit o' consolation, he cannot tax mich moor unless he taxes th' air."

"Tha'rt mistaen thear. Has ta heeard he's baan to tax all wed wimmen?"

"What's he gooin to tax them for?"

"For havin husbands ov coorse. He thinks they're a luxury, an all luxuries have to be taxed."

"That willn't bother me mich, for aw'll sooin be shut o' thee. Aw wonder if his wife thinks he's mich ov a luxury? Aw'll bet shoo doesn't, if shoo'd spaik trewth."

"Well, aw dooant know what things are commin to, but aw remember when aw wor a lad we used to sing "Taffy wor a Welshman, Taffy wor a thief," an he worn't th' only Welshman who'd rayther rob another man's hen-roost nor work for his livin."

"Well, goa an get thi bit o' bacca, an aw'll sooin have th' dinner ready. We've a deecal to be thankful for, Sammywell, for ther's a deecal o' fowk who have nawther bacca nor beef to sit daan to to-day."

"That's reight way to luk at things. Tha'rt nooan baght sense sometimes."

Grimes went on his eearand, turnin th' sixpence ovver an studyin ha he could mak it goa th' farthest. "Aw know what aw'll do," he sed, "If aw meean to be economical ther's nowt like startin at once. Aw'll nobbut buy hawf an aance o' bacca an then awst have fourpence left, an that'll be a nest egg for to-morn." Soa he gat his bacca, an as he wor passin th' Golden Fleece, he felt varry dry. "Well," he sed, "an odd two penoth willn't mak mich difference one way or another, an aw feel to want one. It doesn't do to knock off what yo've been used to all at once," soa he went in. After drinkin it, he sed,— "That's nooan a drop o' bad stuff, but ther's soa little on it. Here, lanlord," he sed, "another twopenoth if yo pleas, an dooant put yor thumb into th' measure."

"As weel be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he sed, "Awst ha to tell Mally a bit ov a tale to get me aght o' this."

As sooin as he opened th' door, he sed, "Well, aw niver! This licks all! Ther's some queer gooins on i' this world, ther is for shure! What does ta think aw saw this mornin, Mally?"

"Nay, aw cant guess, whativver wor it?"

"Tha knows Emma Jane Smith 'at sits i'th' singin pew at awr chapel?"

"Does ta meean that forrad young hussey at wears a feather in her hat?"

"Th' same. Well, shoo wor sittin in a cab wi that old chap 'at sings base, an they wor donned up to th' knocker. He's a sly old chap."

"Awn net a bit capt. Aw allus sed shoo wor man keen, shoo'd pick np wi owt 'at wears britches. Aw'll tell awr Hepsabah abaat that, shoo knows her." Mally off at once, an Sammy winked,— "Shoo'll ha forgotten all abaat th' change bi th' time shoo comes back."

Mally worn't monny minnits, an when shoo returned, shoo wor lukkin varry black, an niver offered to spaik a word. Sammywell set quietly for a while, but at last, he axt, "What did awr Hepsabah say?"

"Shoo sed it wor just another o' thy cock an bull stories. Shoo says that old chap is Emma Jane's father, an they're booath gooin to sing at th' Schooil Treet at Horton. Tha'rt allus tryin to invent lies abaat fowk. Ha can ta fashion! Tha wodn't be varry weel pleased if somdy'd to tawk that way abaat a lass o' thine. Hepsabah says Emma Jane's a varry gooid lass, as onnybody can see, except fowk 'at's guilty o' dooin sich things thersen."

"Well, aw've nowt to say agean Emma Jane,—aw nobbut tell'd thi what awd seen."

"Tha'd seen nowt wrang or else tha'd ha been i'th' thick on it."

"Let it drop. Tha knows it's nowt to us. Let's have a bit o' dinner."

They sat daan to ther dinner ov rost beef an puttates.

"What's ta think o' this beef, Mally?"

"Th' beef's all reight. What's th' matter wi it?"

"It isn't quite as tender as it might be. What did ta pay for it?"

"Th' beef ails nowt. Aw paid a shillin a pund for it, an yo cannot buy a bit o' daycent beef for less. An aw cant ait that Yankey stuff,—it's as toff as wangby."

"Well, it's like aitin brass. Tha seems to believe ivvery thing fowk tell thi. If aw couldn't buy better mait nor that for eightpence awd buy fish."

"Well, if tha thinks tha can buy better nor me tha mun try, that's all. What are to dooin nah?"

"Awm puttin th' salt 'at wor left on th' edge o' mi plate back into th' salt pot, an tha mun do th' same."

"Nay, indeed aw nawther! Salt's cheeap enuff,—a penoth o' salt lasts us for three months. Are ta turnin miser or what?"

"That's what aw am dooin,—awm gooin to save at ivvery tiff an turn, an it's bein extravagant i' little things 'at keeps fowk poor."

"Awst be poorer nor aw am befoor aw begin savin a pinch o' salt. If tha wants to start savin tha'd better start wi thi bacca."

"Bacca, tha knows is a nessesity for me, awm soa trubbled wi wind."

"Well, tha'll ha to live o' wind, if tha gooas on that way; but aw'll tell thi nah, once for all,—aw nawther can nor will pinch my belly to keep thee supplied wi bacca an ale an other sich like things."

"Aw dooant intend ther to be onny pinchin, but we'll have noa wastin."

"Stop thi tawkin an waste no moor wind, an dooant try to taich a gronmother to suck eggs. Help me to get on wi this weshin, it's getten to be done to-day an th' best part o'th' day's gooaan already."

This sooot o' naggin an fault findin went on at ivvery meal time ivvery day until Setterdy, when Grimes astonished his wife bi commin daan to his braikfast donned up in his hallidy suit. Shoo made noa remark, an th' meal passed off quietly. As sooin as they'd finished he handed Mally a soverin, as he'd been i'th' habit o' dooin for a deaal o' years, wi which shoo bowt in supplies for a wick.

"Nah, Mally, if ther's owt partictlar 'at tha wants awther buy it thisen or tell me what tha wants an aw'll get it for thi, but as to th' general marketin aw think aw can show thi a few wrinkles an save thi aboon a bit. Tha's done varry weel considerin tha'rt nobbut a woman, an old en at that, but them chaps i'th' market are a lot o' swindlers an they tak advantage on thi."

"Sammywell, tha's led me sich a life this last wick 'at aw dooant intend to goa throo agean, soa as tha arn't satisfied wi what aw've done awd rayther tha tuk th' brass an did it thisen," an shoo threw th' soverin on th' table.

Grimes pickt it up, sayin, "Well, awm glad tha thinks soa, an tha knows its nivver too lat to mend, an aw think tha'll be pleased when aw show thi ha to save summat. Aw'll goa an have a luk raand an see what aw can do," an puttin his top hat on he marched aght wi th' market basket on his arm.

Mally worn't railly varry sooary 'at he'd takken th' job aght ov her hands, but shoo felt hurt, for shoo knew ha shoo'd toiled an scheamed to do th' best for em boooth. Sammywell made his way to th' market, an faand it filled wi wimmen o'th' better class. He felt rayther strange amang it, but he plucked up courage to ax th' price ov a few things, but they wor all too dear to suit him, soa he didn't stop long, for he thowt it wod suit him better to wait wol neet, an then th' butchers wodn't be quite as chuff. As he wor walkin up Westgate, lukkin i'th' shop winders, he thowt it wod be a gooid plan to get th' soverin changed, an ther'd be less chonce on him makkin a mistak wi his brass. Soa he called in at th' Druids Arms, an had a drop o' whiskey, an gat his paand changed into shillins an sixpences. Wol he wor caantin it who should come in but his friend Swindle, an as they hadn't seen one another for a long time, ov coorse they had to have a nip together. Time wor creepin on an Sammywell thowt he'd better be gooin an tak summat hooam for dinner, for he knew ther wor nowt i'th' haase.

"Sossingers will be as cheap as owt he thowt, an they willn't tak long to

cook," soa he bowt a pund an made for hooam. His wife wor capt when shoo saw him come wi a little parcel like that after bein aght all th' fornnoon, but he explained matters an shoo sed nowt. He worn't long over his dinner an he set off agean.

"Cabbages will be at ther best abaght nah," he sed, "an Jim Cunliffe has a garden whear he grows all sooarts o' green stuff. It's a stiff walk to Undercliffe, but aw think it'll be worth mi while to goa, an he may let me have things cheeap, for aw've studden him monny a pint at time an time, an besides awst be sewer to get em fresh, an genuine, unadulterated," soa he set off an after enquirin, at last faand th' place. "Maybe, he'll gie me one or two for old acquaintance sake," he sed, but when he met him an axt him if he had onny cabbages to dispooas on, he sed, "Hi, plenty on em, Sammy, do yo want to buy some?"

"Aw could do wi an odd en or two if th' price is reasonable."

"Oh, th' price willn't hurt yo, as yo're a friend yo can have one for tuppence, but if yo're a shopkeeper, yo can have em for a bob a duzzen."

"Aw worn't thinkin o' buyin a duzzen, but are yo sewer they're fresh?"

"They're all growin nah, soa they're sewer to be fresh."

"Well, then, aw'll tak a shillinoth," said Grimes, "an pick em gooid ens."

Jim lost noa time i' cuttin em, an as he sed, as he wor a friend, he gave him a couple extra.

Sammywell lukt at em, an scrat his heead, "Well, awm satisfied wi th' luk on em, an aw've nowt to grumel abaat th' price, but what mun aw do wi em?" he sed, "yo happen havn't sich a thing as a small railway truck at yo could lend me?"

"Nay, aw've nowt o' that sooart, but aw've a small handcart aw can let thi have if tha'll promise to let me have it back to neet, for one o' my naybors is gooin to flit, an awm engaged to shift furnitur."

"Well, tha'll be like to let me have it, an aw'll bring it back to-neet, sewer. It willn't be varry heavy when it's empty. By gow! gooin to market isn't sich a pic-nic as aw thowt it wor. But then, we shalln't want onny moor cabbages for a day or two, an soa long as awm savin brass aw mun put up wi a bit ov inconvenience." He sooin had em looaded on th' cart, an he started off i' gooid spirits. He'd gooa abaat hawf a mile, when he stopt to mop up th' sweat 'at wor runnin daan his face, an he sat daan on th' shaft to rest a bit, an as ther wor nowt to support it, daan it went an him wi it, an hawf o'th' cabbages wor scattered i'th' rooad.

"This is a nice cup o' teah aw dooant think. If it worn't for disappointin Mally, awd leav em thear." He managed to upend hissen in a bit, an after feelin hissen all over, he sed, "Ther's nowt brussen, except a button off mi britches. Ther's war things happen at th' seah nor this." He pickt up his cabbages, an started off agean, but he tuk his time. He hadn't been gooin long when he coom to a beer shop, an ther wor a woman standin i'th' door hoil. "What have yo gotten thear, maister?" shoo axt.

"Well, when aw started off they wor cabbages, but aw think they've turned into cannon balls. Do yo want one or two, they're fresh aght o'th' garden."

"A wanted a red cabbage," shoo sed, turnin em over.

"O, yo'll have to wait a bit for that. They arn't ripe yet. But they're full o' juice an as sweet as honey. Nobbut threepence a piece."

"A'a dear a me! What a price! Why, aw can buy bigger nor them for a penny."

"Then yo mun buy em! Theas wor nivver made for that price. But aw'll tell yo what aw'll do,—Gie me a pint o' gooid ale an yo can have a couple. Nah, thear's a chance for yo."

"Well," shoo sed, "bring a couple inside."

Sammywell tuk em in, an shoo filled him a pint. Ther's noa daat he felt to want it, an it sooin disappeared, an feelin better an varry weel pleased wi hissen, he made another move on.

"Aw can see ther's brass i' th' coster trade, if yo know ha to work it," sed Grimes. "Them cabbages cost me tuppence, an that ale wor worth fourpence, soa awm tuppence i' pocket. Mally'd niver ha thowt o' that. That's whear a man's brains come in." After a gooid monny stops for rest, an once for what he called a leck on, he landed at th' market agean, but fowk wor soa thrang, he thowt he'd wait a bit an goa an get his other shoppin done. As he'd noa whear to leav his cabbages, he had to drag th' cart wi him. Th' furst shop he entered he made straight for th' caanter, "A pund o' sugar if yo please."

"Soft sugar, granulated, or lump?"

"Awm net quite sewer. Yo'd better mix it," he sed, an when th' chap sed, "We never mix our sugar."

"O," he sed, "well weigh me hawf a pund ov each sooart."

Th' shopman sooin had him supplied. "And what's the next article."

"Let me see;—hawf a pund o' butter,—a pund o' coffee,—a pund o' teah,—a pund o' pepper, a pund o' mustard,—an a pund o' garman yeast.—By gow, awd ommost forgotten th' yeast. Yo dooant sell puttates aw suppoos?"

"No, you will get them across the road."

"Well, gie me a naance o' bacca, an tell me what aw have to pay."

"Seven and sixpence, sir."

"The degger, it is? Awd noa idea things cost soa mich."

"Everything is goin up in price just now. Thank you, sir, good evening."

"E'e, gum! It's cappin whear brass goos to, it raily is. Nah, mistress, hare yo sellin new puttates?" "A penny a pound or seven for sixpence."

"Well, let's have a penoth, an a pund o' them apples."

"Five pence, please."

"Do yo charge fourpence for a pund o' apples?" "Yes, that's the price."

"Tak em back then an gie me a penoth o' carrots."

"Mally's varry fond o' fruit, an if aw went hooam withaht onny shoo'd think awd forgotten her. Nah it's time aw lukt after a bit o' mait."

Havin packt his purchases as safely as he could, he left his cart i' th' street, an entered th' market, which wor ommost empty. Mooast o' th' butchers had shut up, an them 'at hadn't had little left to sell. One chap had a lot o' breasts o' mutton left. "Ha mich a pund?" sed Sammywell.

"Thrippence a pund, pick whear yo will."

"Just weigh me this lot," sed Sammywell.

"Six pund an a hawf, gooid weight."

"Ha mich does that come to?"

"Six pund at thrippence will be eighteen pence,—one an eight pence, an six hawfs will be nine pence,—one an eight pence an nine pence is just hawf a craan. Sold again and got the money!"

Grime's confidence in his marketin wor shakin. "Sold again," he repeated, "By gum! it's me he's sold. It's too lat to goa back. He's a swindler, that's what he is! Aw'll buy nowt noa moor to neet. It's time aw went hooam wi this looad. It's cloise on eleven o'clock, just time for a drink befor shuttin up time. But aw darn't leaave this cart full o' stuff standin i' th' street. Here, lad! Watch this cart for me wol aw goa in here, an aw'll gie thi a penny." Th' lad wor glad o' th' job, an Sammywell went in an called for a drop o' whiskey, an then sed, "Yo'd better put me a pint into a bottle, an a noggin into a little bottle for mi pocket."

He'd hardly gotten sarved when th' lanlord shaated, "Time, gentlemen, please," an he hurried aght. Th' lad wor waitin for him, but he hadn't a penny, he handed him a shillin, tellin him to run an get change, an he'd wait thear for him. Away ran th' lad an Sammywell waited wol he'd th' street to hissen, but th' lad niver coom back.

Sammywell started for hooam, an as he went he began to consider things a bit. "It strikes me aw've been makkin a fooil o' misen, but it's Mally's fault. Shoo'd noa business to send me marketin, shoo knew weel enuff it's

a job aw know nowt abaas. Awm feeard aw must ha lost some brass somewhear, for aw've nobbut two or three sixpences left. Awst ha to tell her some sooaart ov a tale, but aw connot play th' Emma Jane trick agean, awm fast what to do."

He'd getten to th' end o'th' snicket at led to his haase an wor standin studyin what way to get aght o'th' mess, when who should come past, but Jerrymier in a gurt hurry. "Heigh up! Jerrymier!" he shaated.

"Hallo, grondad, what are yo dooin aght at this time?"

"Why, lad, awm in a deaal o' trubble."

"Is mi gronmother poorly?"

"Noa, but shoo will be when shoo sees me. It's this way;—shoo gave me th' brass to buy prog an stuff for th' wick an aw must ha lost pairt on it, for awm some shillins short an aw cant tell what to say to her. Shoo'll play the hangment when shoo knows. If aw could borrow a trifle for a day or two, aw could fix things a bit."

"Will that help yo any?" sed Jerrymier, as he put hawf a soverin into his hand.

"Saved agean! Aw'll pay thi back, lad. But net a word abaas this to thi gronny, mum's the word."

"All right, grondad, I understand."

"Gooid neet, lad, an God bless thi." "Good night, grondad."

Sammywell's spirits wor up to par agean, an he went hooam as bold as brass, an as praad as a feightin cock. "Nah, owd lass! awm rayther lat, but tha mun excuse that, for tha sees aw dooant just know mi way abaas same as thee. Help me to unlooaden this cart an then aw'll tawk to thi."

"Sewerly, Sammywell, tha hasn't bowt a cart looad o' stuff?"

"Here's a bit o' mait, sithee. An here's some things."

"Tha's bowt twice as mich mait as aw ivver buy. Who does ta think is gooin to ait it."

"Ther's nubdy gooin to ait it, nubbut thee an me. Tha's been miserly long enuff, we'll have a bit o' summat to ait nah."

"But what are we to do wi all theas cabbages? Tha doesn't expect we're gooin to ait em."

"Tha can awther ait em or hing em up for ornaments, which tha's a mind. But aw've noa time to caar tawkin, for aw've to tak this cart back to Undercliffe to neet, soa oppen th' parcels wol awm away, an tha'll find a drop o' gooid whiskey in a bottle, soa get some an goa to bed. Tha munnot think o' sittin up for me, for aw've noa idea when awst get hooam."

"Tha'd better have a drop befoor tha sets off."

"Nay, tha can save me some."

"Well, awm sooaary tha's to goa aght agean. Tha'rt too old to be trampin aght at this time at neet. Aw suppoos tha'll ha browt a trifle o' change back an tha may as weel leave it at hooam, an when tha gooaas marketin next wick tha'll know——"

"Marketin next wick! If ivver tha catches me marketin agean aw'll be call'd market. Aw've shown thee ha it can be done an that's enuff. An thear's change." An he threw th' hawf soverin on th' table, an Mally's een fair sparkled.

He started off i' famous spirits, but befoor he gat thear, he proved Mally's words to be true, for he wor ommost done, an it is a long way for an old man to push or drag a hand cart, even if it's empty.

He gat thear at last an faand Jim waitin up for him. He didn't stop long, an walkin back hooam slowly, he wor surprised to find it wor dayleet when he gate to th' White Abbey.

Mally had takken his advice an gooan to bed. He lukt raand for th' whiskey bottle, but could see noa sign on it, soa he crept up to bed an wor sooin asleap. Somdy shook his shoulder an he oppened his een, an thear stood Mally wi a pot o' warm teah, which bi th' smell on it, showed 'at

shoo knew whear th' bottle wor 'at he couldn't find. He wor just ready for it, an it wor varry welcome. "What time is it?" he axt.

"Hawf past nine," shoo sed, "but tha doesn't need to get up befoor dinner's ready." Shoo left him, an he turned ovver an wor sooin off agean.

Mally gat her braikfast an then went to see Hepsabah, an sell'd her a couple o' cabbages at tuppence a piece, an Hepsabah tell'd some o'th' naybors, an befoor Sammywell gat up, shoo'd nobbut two left, an ov coorse, shoo put th' brass into her own pocket. Shoo wor surprised, when shoo saw th' tea an coffee, for shoo'd niver bowt moor nor a quarter o' coffee, an two aance o' tea for a wick. Th' pepper an mustard, shoo felt sewer wor a mistak, but shoo'd be able to dispose o' that, but garman yeast lickt all. Shoo thowt shoo'd leav him to decide what to do wi that. At th' seet o'th' puttates, shoo laft moor heartily nor shoo'd laft for a month, an th' carrots pleased her, becoss shoo knew he'd been thinkin o' her, for he niver cared for carrots. Th' mait wor all reight, but ther wor too mich on it, an it wor rayther to fat. Soa takkin it all together, he hadn't done soa bad.

When Sammywell coom daan to his dinner, shoo tawk'd nicely to him, an axt him if he felt onny war for his day's wark.

"Aw feel all reight," he sed, "nobbut a bit stiff, an that'll wear off."

Shoo questioned him a gooid bit as to what he'd paid for this an that, but th' only answer shoo could get wor, "Tha should ha axt me last neet wol it wor all fresh i' mi mind, aw know nowt abaat it nah, nobbut this,—“aw've done wi marketin for ivver an ivver, amen.”

"An what does ta intend to do abaat th' miserly business?"

"Th' miserly business is all reight for them 'at's born that way, an aw've noa daat it wod be a varry gooid thing for me, if aw worn't too old to leearn, as it is it's useless, an thank God it isn't nessessary."

Sammywell's Birthday Honored.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

THIS seemed to tickle her fancy, an it did me gooid to hear her laff, tho' shoo wor laffin at me. Well, th' next day wor like th' one past, nobbut moor soa, an ther wor a lot o' things to follow, which aw cannot describe, but just here, aw want to say at aw shall niver forget th' kindness aw received from ivvery one aw met,—my kind host an hostess i' particular, an to assure all who wor i' onnyway connected wi th' desire to help a laim dog ovver a stile, 'at they've won th' gratitude an esteem ov an old Yorksherman who has tried to do his best. But things didn't end here,—in fact it seemed to be just a beginnin. Next neet, to my surprise, a grand dinner wor arranged to tak place at th' Great Northern Hotel, at which all, or ommost all, who had won a name an fame i'th' same field, whear awd been grubbin away for soa monny years, wor assembled.

Ov coorse yo willn't expect me to tell all 'at wor sed an done at an affair o' that soart, but just to give yo some idea 'at it wor summat aght o'th' ordinary, aw may tell yo 'at a famous doctor, one 'at's lukt up to as an authority, net i' Yorksher only, but through aght England, called me o' one side, an sed he wanted to examine me.

Aw didn't know 'at aw ail'd owt, except feelin 'at aw worn't as young as aw used to be, but when he stuck a trumpet wi one end agean mi breast boosan, an his ear at tother, aw began to think ther wor summat th' matter wi mi. "Very satisfactory," he sed, "there's no reason why you should not live for another ten years, always providing that you don't die in the interim." This gave me a bit o' courage, an aw decided niver to enter th' interim, if aw could help it.

Then we all set daan to a table,—aitin an drinkin as if we'd nivver had a bite for a wick. It wor a bit strange to me, but aw managed varry weel wi furst one thing an then another, till it coom to finishin off wi cheese. Bless mi life! Awd noa chonce wi that, for it wodn't keep still. Aw hunted it all raand th' plate, but it walked off i' spite o' me. Then th' speeches began,—an varry nice speeches they wor ;—aw couldn't help wishin they wor true, but awm feear'd they sed a deal moor ov what aw owt to ha been nor ov what aw wor. But its varry nice to have some warm traitle teemed daan yor back at times whether yo deserve it or net.

Then, to top it all, they presented me wi mi likeness, in a gold frame, an handsome enuff to stick up i' Lister Park. What'll Mally say nah, aw thowt,—an then awd to mak a speech. Awd expected that, an awd studied abaat it all th' day. It wor a grand speech 'at awd intended to give, but when aw stood up, aw couldn't remember a word on it. What aw did say, aw dooant know, but if it wor owt like what wor published i' th' papers next day, aw can nobbut say nah, awm ashamed on it. Then we'd music an singin, an wor helped aght wi th' Bramla Band, an someha th' neet gate throo. Yo'll think aw must ha gooaan hooam feelin a varry praad chap, but aw didn't. Aw felt moor humble ner awd ivver felt i' mi life, an aw crept hooam as quietly as aw could, afeard 'at th' furst poleeceman aw met wod arrest me for false pretences. Sewerly, aw thowt, this is th' last on it, an aw can nah goa hooam to mi plate o' porridge an mi pipe o' bacca, an dream this dream-like event all over agean.

Ov coorse, Mally had a lot o' questions to ax, but aw didn't say mich. Aw didn't feel like tawkin, for awd too mich to think abaat.

Next mornin aw thowt awd like to tak a walk aght, an aw axt Mally for sixpence, for aw dooant like to be away throo hooam wi nowt i' mi pocket. "Sixpence," shoo sed, "What's ta want sixpence for? Tha mud think aw wor made o' brass! Tha'd all tha wanted to ait an drink last neet, an tha's had a gooid braikfast this mornin,—what moor does ta want?"

Just then a chap coom in wi a letter for me. Aw lukt at th' envelope, th' Bradford cooat o' arms wor on it. "It's come at last!" aw sed. Aw opened i' wi tremblin fingers, an what do yo think it wor? nawther moor nor less nor a invitation to have luncheon wi th' Lord Mayor of Bradford. Aw wor flummokt! But aw went.

Thear wor aw i' th' Taan Hall, amang th' Caancillors an Aldermen, an sittin at th' reight hand o' th' Chief Magistrate of a big city. An treeted like one o' thesen! Aw felt like pinchin misen, to mak sewer aw wor n't asleep, but bein ommost all booans, aw couldn't, but havin a corn 'at wor varry tender, aw put mi heel on it, an that assured me 'at aw wor wakken. A fine gentleman coom an browt me a plate o' broth, wi some pipe stoppers in, an aw thowt he wor havin a lark wi me, but aw tackled it, an varry gooid it wor, an what aw thowt wor pipe stoppers, aw've fun aght sin, wor some sooart o' Scotch mixer 'at they called Mc O, Rooney. It wor varry gooid schews ha. Then follerd, fish, beef, chicken, &c, &c,—aw dooant know what all, an wine.—A'a! aw thowt aw shouldn't mind livin thear for th' rest o' mi days. Aw dooant wonder, aw thowt, at Caancillors sooin get fat enuff to be Aldermen, if they sit daan to a table like that ivvery day. Aw lost two buttons off mi waistcoat that mornin, an when aw gat hooam aw felt as if awd been boiled i' starch, for aw wor soa stiff aw couldn't sit daan.

When aw coom to consider all things, aw coom to th' conclusion 'at if th' time an labour awd spent on th' Clock Almanack had won me soa monny friends, an sich kindness as awd received from natives ov Yorksher, aw hadn't worked for nowt, an as long as awm spared to keep it gooin, aw shall be encouraged to do mi best. Yorksher wor mi birthplace an will allus be mi hooam, an noa matter whear aw live,—tho' mi body maybe in in a distant place, mi spirit still lives amang mi native hills an dales, an th'

music ov mi Native Twang is still dearer to me th' longer awm away. Aw still hooap 'at a turn o' luck will someday enable me to spend th' last o' mi days amang th' scenes aw love, an i' touch wi th' warm hearts at beat i' mi childhood s hooam.

Once moor thankin each an ivvery one who did soa mich to render me happy durin th' week aw spent amang em, an hooapin at th' futer has another sich a treeat, aw patiently await what providence has i' stoor for me.

Lost and Saved.

A MAN,—what was left of him,—stood
In a church porch one cold Sunday night;
Half frozen, and craving for food,
And anxious to keep out of sight.
The service had not yet begun,
But the people were hurrying in,
And many who passed stole a look
At the face of the vagrant, so thin.

And they shook off the snow from their furs
As they passed, but they said not a word;
And forgot the poor wretch in the porch,
When snug in the house of the Lord.
The parson, a kind-hearted man,—
(One who laboured for love, not for pelf,
One who always had made it his plan,
To judge man as he'd be judged himself.)

In haste he was entering in,
But he stopt when the man he descried,
And he noted his clothing so thin,—
Then he motioned and called him aside.
“What want you, friend, here in this place;
The bread of Life come you to seek?”
“No,—I came for a shelter and rest,
For I'm starving, and famished, and weak.

You don't sell the bread I want here,
If you did I've no money to buy;
I'll not trouble you long.—never fear,
But I can't walk just yet if I try.
Do you know, mister parson, I think
If you'd like to preach straight from the heart,
Go three days without meat or a drink,
And you'll find that will give you a start.

Some bitterness might come out first,
 If charity should be your theme,
 And you'd tell them of hunger and thirst,
 As it is, and not as it may seem.
 It's easy to say 'trust the Lord,'
 But when nobody else will trust you,
 You begin to grow sick of 'the Word,'
 And to do as you see others do.

For man must have some victuals and drink,
 If he has to procure them by crime;
 When you're starving you don't stop to think,—
 I've known what it's been in my time.
 Then they drag you up front of the beak,
 Unwashed, and unkempt and half dead,
 And you haven't the courage to speak,
 And you scarce know a word that is said.

Then he sends you to jail, and you're forced
 With the vilest of vile ones to share,
 But you almost feel glad of the chance,
 For ther's always some food for you there.
 What brought me so low, do you ask?
 The old story, you've heard it before;
 It began with the sociable glass;
 The taste grew, and I took more and more.

I'd a trade, and good wages I earned,—
 I'd a wife,—bless her soul! she's at rest;
 And a child, sir, you'd think my brain turned,
 Could I tell what is locked in my breast.
 For if ever an angel was sent
 To dwell on this world, it was her;—
 But her birth left my wife nearly spent,
 And I shrank from my part like a cur.

I saw there was trouble ahead,—
 And drank deeper my duties to shirk,
 Then I got a week's notice to quit,
 Because I neglected my work.
 We were not in want, sir, not then,
 For my wife had been frugal and saved,
 But the little store didn't last long,
 More I drank and the more I still craved.

And the child that had promised so fair,—
 (Oh! sir, do not think that I rave,
 When I solemnly vow and declare,
 I'd have laid down my life hers to save!)

She grew weaker as time rolled away,
 And no one could fathom the cause!—
 She was ready for Heaven any day,
 If they'd taken her just as she was.

Well, she died, and I prayed to die too,
 Yes, yes, sir,—I know it was wrong,—
 But what was a poor man to do!
 And my wife, she had never been strong.
 And I saw as she stood by the grave,
 Where our darling was buried from sight,
 That the mother would soon join her babe,
 And a month or two proved I was right.

Some said that I hastened her end,
 And they bandied our names in their chat;—
 (My acts I'll not try to defend,
 But I don't think I ever did that.)
 I'd been heedless before—now I grew
 Mad,—reckless,—no friend but the drink!
 I was going to ruin, I knew,
 And they all seemed to say, 'let him sink.'

And I sank till I am what you see,
 The wreck of what once was a man:—
 Can I work? sir,—that question to me?
 Can a duck swim? If so, then I can.
 If I'd only a chance! But too late!
 There's none will employ such a scamp;—
 I've sought work at the factory gate,
 And been ordered away as a tramp.

A crown! Thank the Lord?—take it back,—
 Such a coin will not help me to-night,
 They'd have me in jail in a crack,
 For they'd swear I'd not come by it right.
 A few coppers to buy me some bread,
 And a pint of hot coffee or tea,
 And as much as will get me a bed:—
 Six penoth,—that's plenty for me.

Meet you here, did you say, sir, at nine?
 And you'll find me something to do?
 That I will if I live till the time,
 And your kindness you never shall rue.
 In my heart there were thoughts bad and black,
 But your goodness has put them to flight:
 You've saved me from ruins fell track,
 And you've cheated the devil to-night.

Just one favour more, ere I go:—

When you're praying to-night, pray for me,—

That the seed you have sown here may grow,

That a man once again I may be.

And,—and,—well, good-bye! I'll be here,

At nine,—standing close to the door;

• My heart whispers now I am near

My wife and my baby once more.

Porksher Tykes at New Brighton Tower.

JIM BLAKE an Ben Wood lived at Sowerby Brig. They'd been mates sin ther schooil days. They boooth worked at th' same shop, an they wed two sisters, soa yo may judge they worn't strangers to one another. If yo met one on em yo could allus be sewer tother worn't far off. If Jim worn't at Ben's, Ben wor at Jim's an ther wives wor i'th' same way. Fowk 'at knew em used to say 'at ther worn't a saycret amang all th' four on em. Be that as it may, they all seemed varry content an happy amang it. It's a pity 'at sich a state o' things didn't last, but ther's nowt 'at's worth havin i' this world 'at does last for ivver.

One day they wor sittin i'th' 'Goooid Samaritan,' a quiet little beershop, whear they used to call sometimes as they wor gooin hooam throo ther wark, when Jim sed, "Ben, aw dooant know ha tha feels this hot weather, but it maks me feel as if aw wanted a bit ov a change. Aw've just been readin i'th' paper abaat Blackpool; it seems as if ivverybody can get away but us. Wi trade bein slack, brass is varry scarce at awr haase, an aw know it's th' same at yors, an as th' shop's shuttin daan next Setterdy, aw think we ow't to scheam somway to have a bit ov a do. What does ta think?"

"It's what aw've been thinkin for some time, but aw cant see ha to shap it. That's th' warst abaat bein wed, for havin a wife to keep, an a haase to uphold, a chap's wage seems to melt away as sooin as he gets it. Ther's noa chance to put ow't away for a rainy day, nor for a fine day nawther."

"That's true enuff, an whearas a single chap can have a day's pleasur for five bob, when one has a wife to tak it costs fifteen, becoss a woman cannot rough it like a man can. What says ta if we just have a day off bi ussen an nivver tell th' wives ow't abaat it? Next Friday is th' day when th' Co-op pays th' divvy; an they say it's to be extra this quarter; doesn't ta think we could screw as mich aght o' that as wod do for us, an we can leeav th' wimmen at hooam for an odd time?"

"E'e, gow! that's nooan a bad idea. We've nowt to do but keep us maaths shut an let em know nowt abaat it. Aw think we could plan it varry weel, but whear mun we goa?"

"Raik th' paper ovver here an aw'll see if ther's ow't advertised 'at'll come in. Why here's the varry thing! A Trip to Liverpool an New Brighton, includin free admission to the Tower. It couldn't be better,—three an six-pence thear an back. Why that'll leeav us eighteen pence a piece to spend aght ov five shillin. What's ta say?"

"Aw say, let's goa, it ud seem like flyin i'th' face o' providence, if we'd to let sich a chance slip."

"Then it's sattled. We start at five thirty Setterdy mornin,—rain or shine. Aw've long wanted to spend an haar or two i' Liverpool,—an then ther's th' Booot ride to New Brighton, an th' Tower's a wonderful place awm given to understand. We can come back bi onny train after five o'clock, soa we'st hardly be missed. Mum's the word. Goodid neet."

"Goodid neet. Tha can depend o' me."

They parted, an each made his way hooam wi mixt feelins, for th' pleasur they felt i' anticipation ov a frolic wor damp't wi th' knowledge 'at they wor deceivin th' wife. Haivver, they boooth kept ther own caansel, an time went quickly on. They'd monny a private confab when they met at ther wark.

"What art ta baan to do wi thisen on Setterdy? Th' shop'll be shut up aw understand?" sed Jim's wife.

"O, Ben an me 's made it up to have a long tramp into th' country. We think a bellyful o' fresh air 'll do us boooth goodid. Thee an thi sister 'll be able to spare us for an hour or two. Tha sees we couldn't tak yo wi' us, for yor boooth trubbled wi corns or nangnails or summat, an yo couldn't bide to walk far. Yo'll be able to get on baght us, aw dar say."

"Eeah, we'st manage weel enuff, but mind yo dooant get lost. We'st be uneasy wol yor away. Yo'll want some prog to tak wi yo aw expect?"

"Nay, we'st nooan bother wi huggin owt o' that sooart. We can get a bite o' breaad an cheese as we goa on th' rooad."

"Well, aw'll have a nice hot supper for thi when tha comes back. Aw hooap yo'll have a nice day on it."

Jim tell'd Ben all 'at had passed between him an his wife, an Ben sed it had just been th' same at their haase. "Awm capt," he sed, "'at shoo tuk it soa quietly, for shoo nivver likes me to set off withaath her. But aw fancy they've tawked things ovver between thersen, for aw've nooaticed ther's been a lot o' whisperin an winkin between em this last day or two."

"They'll be plannin summat for us, aw've noa daat. Th' wife axt me if we should want onny prog to tak wi us, an aw sed, 'Nay, we didn't want to be bothered wi it,' but aw saw when lukkin i' th' cubbard last neet, 'at shoo'd made a lot o' little curran cakes, an ther wor a plate o' boiled ham, as if shoo wor thinkin o' makkin some sanwiches."

"Well, that is funny! When aw went hooam last neet, a grand smell met me as aw oppened th' door. What are ta cookin, lass?" aw sed.

"O, aw've nobb't been makkin a rhewbub pasty," shoo sed, "aw shall want summat to ait when tha'rt off, an it'll save me havin to cook owt."

"We needn't freeat abaath them; they'll mak thersen comfortable."

At five o'clock Setterdy mornin Jim an Ben met on ther way to th' station, it wor a grand mornin as could be wished for. They kept as weel agh't o' th' seet as they could till th' train coom in, an then gettin into a carriage whear ther wor plenty o' raam, they pulled agh't ther pipes an prepared for a comfortable smook. Net bein used to mich travellin, as sooin as th' train started they wor interested i' all they saw as they went along. It wor just nine bith' station clock when they landed at Liverpool. Then they had a walk daan one street an up another, callin a time or two to get a drop o' raand to liven em up. When they gate to St. George's Hall, they lukt raand, speechless, for buildins sich as they'd nivver seen befoor wor anent em.

"E'e, gow!" sed Ben, "awst nivver crack up awr Taan Hall after this! Why they could put it inside some o' theas an hardly be able to find it." An th' Wellington monument fairly tuk ther breath away, an ther necks ached wi starin up at it. They spent an haar i' wanderin raand an then made ther way to th' landin stage an wor sooin on a Ferry booot for New Brighton.

"This is grand!" sed Jim. "Aw can feel th' benefit o' th' seah breeze already. A'a! aw could like to live at a place like this."

They didn't tawk mich for they wor too mich takken up wi ships an one thing an another. Th' trip wor all too short for them an when they arrived at New Brighton they hardly liked leeavin th' Booot.

"Aw shall niver be flaid o'th' seah after this. Why, aw should think noa moor abaat gooin to America on a steam-boat like this nor aw should think abaat gooin to bed."

When they reached th' Promenade, they sat daan for a few minutes to tak all in. They wor fascinated. Th' river glittered i'th' sun, an booats little an big, passed an repassed,—seah gulls sailed aboon ther heeads, an th' Tower stood up, wi its heead ommost lost i'th' claad, like a sentinel keepin watch ovver land an watter. Which ivver way they turned, ther wor summat at they wanted to see, an as they couldn't decide whear to begin, they went into th' 'Ferry Hotel' to cooil daan a bit.

"Aw dooant know ha tha feels, Ben, but awm hungry. Aw could just do wi some o' them curran cakes my wife made if aw could get em."

"Well, why didn't ta bring some? Aw wish awd one o' my wife's rhewbub pasties. Awd ha browt one if awd known."

"When aw went hooam last neet, aw handed ovver mi wage as usual, an shoo sed nowt, an this mornin when aw wor ready for startin off, shoo gave me a shillin, but shoo niver mentioned th' currant cakes. But aw vooat we have summat to ait, but we munnot order it at this shop, it'll cost too mich. Tha'd better goa aght an buy summat gooid an substantial, 'at'll put us on towards neet, for we mun be economical, for aw've nobbut two shillin left, reckonin th' shillin shoo gave me, an that'll noan goa far in a place like New Brighton."

"Well, tha's a shillin moor nor me, unless aw should dip deeper into th' divvy, an aw hardly dar do that."

"Well, off tha goas an see what tha can do. But dooant be long away."

Ben went, an ov coorse he hadn't far to goa, for they're ommost all aitin shops at New Brighton. In a varry few minnits he wor back wi a bundle 'at lukt as if he'd been to fetch th' weeks weshin hooam. Two looaves ov new bread, cut into slices, an weel buttered, an hawf a pund o' potted mait.

"Why, tha's browt enuff to fit us a wick. Ha mich has ta had to pay for this lot?"

"Breed an butter, fourpence, an th' potted mait thruppence."

"Well, we cant grumel. But whear are we gooin to put it?"

"Aw'll show thi," sed Ben, an he did, an Jim worn't backard, an in a varry short time they'd put mooast on it aght o'th' seet.

"That's been a gooid do, an a cheeap en," sed Jim, as he wiped his maath, an brushed th' crumbs off his clooas, "Nah, we'll have a bit o' bacca an a walk on th' prom, an then we'll goa into Tower."

They started off, an smookin, an gazin furst to one side an then tother, an feelin fed up wi one thing an another, they went until ther legs began to tire. "Better turn back," sed Jim, "this prom is longer than I bargained for, but it's worth commin throo Yorksher to see it, if ther wor nowt else. A'a, it seems to me 'at a chap can live i' Sowerby Brig all his life an niver know what th' world has in it."

They went back at a better speed, an they wor surprised to find 'at whear it wor all watter when they set aght, it had changed, an ther wor acres an acres of soft, smooth sands, whear thaasands o' men, wimmen an childer wor walkin, or diggin or sleepin i'th' sun, an all seemin as happy as if ther wor noa care or sorrow i'th' world.

When they'd gotten back to th' Tower, they showed ther tickets, an went into th' graunds. An what a seet! Booats flyin up i'th' air, filled wi fowk, who lukt as if sich a thing as a broken neck wor noa consequence,—railways runnin on stilts, heigh aboon yor heead, divin daan one minnit as if they wor gooin to perdition, an climbin up th' next as if they wor seekin a stoppin place among th' claad, made yo feel dizzy to watch em. Ther wor shows to mak yo shudder, an shows to mak yo laff;—ther wor lions an tigers, bears an monkeys, a elephant wi moor sense nor hawf o'th' fowk 'at went to see it, wi scoors o' other strange birds an beasts,—an then ther wor a lot o' little

ponies for childer to ride on, an what they call a watter shute, whear yo gat into a boat at top ov a hill an went daan as if yo'd been shot off th' top ov a precipice into a lake at th' bottom, an gat splashed an ommost frettened to deeath, all for thrippence.

Then ther wor th' gardens whear yo could sit an have a view all over th' river, an a thaasand moor things 'at aw connot tell yo abaat. I th' midst o' all this stands th' Tower, a wonder even amang wonders, wi its theatre—ball-raam,—bazaars,—aquarium, aviary, an a thaasand moor attractions. Jim an Ben had a taste an a try at mooast o' things they coom across, an th' divvy brass began to luk sick.

"We mud as weel be hung for a sheep as a lamb," sed Jim, an Ben agreed wi him. "Nah, we mun goa to th' top o' that Tower," sed Jim, "we may niver be here agean, an it will be summat to think abaat as long as we live."

"All reight," sed Ben, "it hardly luks safe, but we'll chonce it. Ther's nubdy iver dees aboon once, an if it goos smash we shaln't be bi ussen."

Soa they went an gate into th' sacktackle as they call'd th' lift, an up it began to goa. They booath on em began to luk rayther white abaat th' gils bi th' time it stopt, an when they stept off onto th' platform 'at runs raand th' top—they wor varry careful ha they stept for fear they might over balance it. But in a bit they gat moor confidence an began to luk raand. It is a fine seet an noa mistak. Five or six caanties can be seen all laid aght like a map. "We should be able to see Lundun, if we could see far enuff," sed Ben. "Tha wor niver as near Heaven befor, as tha art nah, Jim. Aw hooap tha made thi will befor tha left hooam."

"Well, awm satisfied, let's goa daan, for aw fancy it's beginnin to shake," sed Jim. Soa they went daan, just stoppin at th' Ball raam to have a luk in.

"Isn't this a fine place?" sed Ben, "why, ther's raam for hundreds o' fowk to donce here! It's like a fairy palace. Luk at all them young fowk steppin it i' time to th' music! Aw niver saw a nicer seet."

"It's varry nice," sed Jim, "but luk across yonder. Who's them two wimmen 'at's doncin wi them dudes wi white straw hats on?"

Ben stared for iver soa long, an then sed, "Who does ta think they are?"

"Why, luk agean. If they arn't thy wife an mine, aw niver saw em."

"By shot! they're nubdy else;—let's get aghtside befor they see us. Aw wodn't ha believed awr parson if he'd studden i th' pulpit an tell'd me. To think they should desayve us i' that fashion. It's th' same tale over agean. Wimmen can niver be trusted. What are we to do abaat it?"

"What can we do? We desayved them to start wi."

"But that's different! We arn't doncin wi some strange wimmen!"

"Noa, but when we wor ridin i' that boat tha set varry cloise to that young woman wi ginger-hair, an then tha treated her to a glass o' wine."

"An what did ta do? Tha'd thi arm raand that lass, wi black curls, all th' time we wor amang th' wild beeasts. Aw saw thi mun."

"Well, shoo wor feear'd o th' wild ass tha sees."

"Shoo didn't seem to be feear'd o th' smilin mule at onny rate, an then tha paid for her some ice cream."

"Well, all that wor innocent enuff. An besides, th' wives knows nowt abaat that."

"Awm nooan soa sewer abaat that. They're nooan dummies, or they wodn't ha been here. Aw think th' best thing we can do is to mak tracks."

"Agreed, old man, we'll goa an sit on th' sands a bit and watch th' sunset, but if aw catch yond caperin monkey 'at wor poolin my wife abaat ther'll be another Crippen mystery, for his mother'll niver see him agean."

"Dooant tawk like a fool! It'll be summat to laff abaat when we get hooam." "It's varry weel if tha can luk at it i' that light. Does ta think 'at this sand is dry enuff to sit on?"

"If it's as dry as me, it's dry enuff. That potted mait aw had this mornin, as gien me a dreadful thirst."

"Well, ther's a place here cloise at hand whear tha can sleek it."

Whilst Jim an Ben were decidin th' matter two rather gaily dressed wimmen wor leanin on th' rails ov th' promenade, watchin those on th' sands.

"Sithee," sed one, "thear they are agean. Aw wor sewer aw couldn't be mistakken."

"Eeah, it's them sewer enuff. Well, if aw hadn't seen it, awd niver ha believed it. To think 'at aw should have believed ivvery word he sed, an he's been desayvin me like that. Aw shall niver trust him agean.—It must be yore Ben 'at's led him off."

"It's noa moor my Ben, nor it's thy Jim. One's as deep i'th' muck as tother is i'th' mire. But let us goa into one o' theas shelters wol they get past. Aw wodn't let em see me for all th' brass i'th' bank."

From where they stood they watched Jim an Ben go to th' Traveller's Rest, an as sooin as all wor clear, they made th' best ov ther way to th' boat for Liverpool. Arrivin thear they lost no time in reachin th' station, an at five forty, they started for hooam, reachin Sowerby Brig at seven thirty. There they seperated, each gooin to her own hooam. "Heigh ho!" sed Jim's wife. "It's true what th' old song says, 'Men wer desayvers ever!' but aw niver believed it o' Jim."

Jim an Ben sat i'th' 'Travellers' Rest' wol time to goa to catch th' train, at eight forty. They slept all th' way to Sowerby Brig, whear they landed a few minnts before eleven. Jim faand th' haase lukkin just as when he left it, an his wife showed noa sign ov havin been away. Shoo had a gooid supper ov beefsteaks an oonions ready for him, an he wor ready for it.

Sundy mornin they all went to th' chapel, an th' parson tuk for his text, "The heart of Man is deceitful and desperately wicked."

To this day th' men think they have a saycret from ther wives, an th' wives think ther husbands know nowt. Nawther side have ivver mentioned it, but they all remember it. Next year they'll varry likely all goa to New Brighton together.

Christian Charity?

"IT'S disgraceful! It's gettin to be th' tawk o'th' village!" sed Mrs. Smith.

"It's too awful to think abaat. It's scandalizin th church! Aw dooant know what th' deacons an th' parson can be thinkin on," sed Mrs. Jones.

"Well, tha sees one o'th' deacons wor a friend ov her mother's, an ther are those 'at say, he coorted her in his early days, an if yond lass had been his own, he couldn't ha thowt moor on her nor he does."

"That may ha summat to do wi it; but aw dooant know what th' lass can be thinkin on, Albert Boothroyd wants nowt wi her 'at's likely to do her onny gooid. His father wod niver consent to his lad weddin one like her, an he depends on his father for what he gets, for he works for him, an when owt happens to th' old chap, th' business will goa to Albert."

"That's soa. Aw must say aw feel varry sooary for th' lass, for shoo's nice an clivver, an, ov coorse, shoo may think he meens her weel, an if it comes to that, shoo's gooid enuff for his wife, ha weel off he may be. It's a thaasand pities for her. Shoo owt to have moor sense, but shoo's young an foolish, an doesn't know what's starin her i'th' face. Tha sees shoo's nawther father nor mother to luk after her, an awn sewer when aw see her sittin an playin th' organ at th' chapel my heart aches for her."

"Eeah, aw've felt th' same way misen, but then tha knows it wod nivver do to bring th' chapel into disgrace. Aw think th' parson owt to be spokken to abaat it. Shoo may be innocent enuff, aw say shoo may be, but shoo issent wise. Why, it wor nobbut th' last Gooid Friidy 'at ivver wor, when th' scholars wor walkin i' possession, when shoo wor seen walkin aght, arm i' arm wi Albert, as bold as brass. We know whear sich like gooins on leads to, an we've us own characters to tak care on."

"Aw dooant think th' lass meeans owt wrang, an we connot put old heeads onto young shoolders."

"Well, it's noa business o' mine, soa they may e'en goa ther own gate."

An wi that comfortin sayin, th' wimmen parted.

Now, th' fact o'th' matter wor just this;—Albert Boothroyd had fallen desperately i' love wi Amy Smith, an bein th' only son o'th' owner ov th' factory 'at gave employment to moost o'th' fowk i'th' village, he wor lukt on, bi th' female portion, as bein th' best catch i'th' district. He wor a fine lukkin young felly, an a prime favourite wi booath men an wimmen, an his father wor praad on him, an noa daat had a desire for him to wed somdy in a heigher position nor a lass i' his own employ. Tho' Amy had allus been a bit ov a favourite wi him, because shoo net only worked weel, but wor allus cleean an tidy, an for that reason, if ther wor a better bit o' wark wanted dooin it generly fell to Amy's lot to do it. This caused noa small amaant o' jaylussy among tother lasses, an Amy couldn't be sed to be a favourite wi them, but shoo wor allus soa quiet an modest, an soa steady, an allus ready to help another aght ov a trubble, 'at nubdy interfered wi her, an nobbut a few 'at wor considered th' worst hands, ivver sed owt agean her. If it happened, as it sometimes did, 'at ther wark worn't as weel done as it should be, an th' takker in pointed it aght, an showed a piece 'at Amy had done, an sed they should try an do ther wark like that, they'd answer. "O, Amy's a marvel! Shoo couldn't do owt wrang if shoo'd to try." But when it gate known 'at Albert, th' young maister, wor coortin Amy, that wor moor nor they could swallo, an ther spite wor shown i' monny ways.

This had noa effect on Albert, an altho' Amy wod freeat a bit sometimes, he sooin set her mind at ease an showed her moor attention nor ivver. It worn't long befor he axt her to be his wife, an shoo modestly consented. After that they lived in a little world ov ther own, an wor seldom apart for long. Albert delighted to walk aght wi her as oft as he could spare th' time, an gloried i' th' sensation they made.

It sooin becom th' tawk o'th' village, an it worn't long befor Albert's father wor acquainted wi it. He wor booath surprised an disappointed, but he argued like this,— "Well, it's natteral for a young chap to fall i' love. Aw did it befor aw wor his age, but this is a varry different matter. It didn't meean mich to me who aw wed, for aw hadn't a penny an saw noa prospect ov onny, but Albert's differently placed. When owt happens to me, he'll be a rich man, an he should have a rich wife. He's noa fooil,—he's shown that wi pickin aght Amy, for shoo's th' best he's ivver seen,—he's been shut up i' this village all his life, an nivver had a chance to see owt else; but aw'll alter things. He shall travel an get to see a bit o'th' world, an that'll put some fresh nooations into his heead. This affair connot ha gooaan varry far, an aw'll stake mi life, he's acted honorably, for he hasn't a meean booaan in his skin! Ther's nobbut one thing to fear, that's his temper. He's as stupid as,—as stupid as,—well, he's as stupid as his father. If he says a thing he'll stick to it. But he's allus been a gooid lad, soa aw'll have a tawk to him to-neet. He'll harken to me, for he's net consaited like some,—he doesn't think 'at he's gotten all th' wisdom i'th' world. An if th' worst comes to th' worst,—well, he mun wed th' lass, an if he does, gooid luck to em!"

Next day, Albert was surprised to receive a note from his father, wishin him to see him that evenin on business ov importance. "Strange, very strange," he sed, "why did he not tell me at braikfast?"

Evenin faand father an son together. "Albert, lissen to me. Aw've been lukkin over theas papers, an aw find ther's some things 'at require lukkin into at our Lundun Warehaase. Nah, as tha's nivver been thear, aw think it's high time tha went, an gate a full knowledge ov th' business. Tha'll find all directions as to what tha'll have to do, an aw want thi to start off next Monday, an tha'll stop thear three months. Does ta understand?"

"Perfectly, aw'll be ready."

"That's right. An bye the bye,—aw hear a deal o' tawk abaat thee an Amy. Tha knows Amy is a bit ov a favourite o' mine. Aw hooap tha'rt net makkin a fool on her. Thi mother allus thowt a lot abaat her after shoo lost her parents."

"Awm glad yo mentioned Amy, father, for aw wanted to ax yo summat."

"Fire away."

"Me an Amy have been keepin company for some months, an aw want yo to consent to awr weddin."

"O, is that all? Well, aw tell thi straight. Aw shall do nowt at sooart."

"But, father."

"Tut—tut! aw know all tha'rt gooin to say. But aw tell thi it's impossible, for tha'rt too young to know thi own mind yet. Wait till tha's been to Lundun, an seen some o'th' grand ladies thear. Tha may have altered thi mind."

"Never! Father, never!"

"Well, it'll do noa harm to wait a bit. But mind this,—if tha weds withaath my consent, tha'll loise hawf ov all aw intend to leeav thi. Mark that."

"Money can never change my love."

"Time 'll tell. But we'll waste noa moor words abaat it. Tha's heeard me." Albert knew it wod be useless to say moor, soa he tuk his hat an started off to see Amy an tell her all that had passed.

As soon as they met, Amy knew summat serious had happened an begged him to tell her all. He did tell her, treatin it as lightly as he could, but shoo didn't.

"Darlin," he sed, "It will mak noa difference to us;—you will love me just th' same with hawf a fortun as if aw had it all?"

"O, Albert! Th' money maks noa difference to me, but aw love thee too mich to rob thee ov a father's love. We mun part, an try to forget me."

"Nivver! Aw cannot if aw wod;"—an he drew her cloise to him an whispered into her ear—words which shocked her at first, but sooin shoo smiled an whispered "Yes," an whativver that bargain wor, shoo sealed it wi a kiss. "Keep a brave heart, darlin," he sed, "next Mondy mornin,—be ready,—all will be well." A partin kiss;—then Albert left her, an sooin after shoo went to bed an cried hersen to sleep.

Old Boothroyd wondered what Albert could be dooin to keep him so busy, that he had seldom time to spend a few minnits at th' works.

Albert had set hissen a difficult task, but money backt wi detarmination, can do owt. At nine o'clock on Mondy mornin, Albert, seated in a light gig, drew up at th' door ov th' cottage whear Amy lived. Shoo wor dressed all ready, an he handed her to a seat beside him, an to th' astonishment ov them who saw em, dashed off, to where, no one could guess.

Later on i'th' day, strollin into th' office Albert found his father anxiously waitin for him.

"All is ready now, father. Have you any further directions to give?"

"Tha'll find all tha wants among them papers. See 'at tha behaves thisen an attends to business. Tha'll want a bit o' brass to be gooin on wi. Here's twenty paand an if tha wants onny moor tha mun write for it. An whativver else tha does, try an get that lass aght o' thi head. An happen it'll be as weel if tha keeps all other lasses aght o' thi heead, for love makkin an business dooant goa weel together, an whativver else, keep thi honor clean an come back hooam a honest man."

"Yo need have noa fear, aw'll net disgrace yo. Goodid bye, father."

"Gooid bye, lad,—gooid bye,—yond lass 'll keep."

Albert hurried away an wor sooin on his rooad to Lundun.

Amy, in her little room, wor sittin like one in a dreeam, starin at a gold ring at shone on her finger. Then gently shoo tuk it off, lapped it up in a bit o' paper,—kissed it an put it away in her bosom.

Next day two Lundun letters coom to th' village, one to J. Boothroyd Esq., an one to Amy Smith. Th' one for Boothroyd simply sed,—

LUNDUN.

"DEAR DAD,—Arrived all safe and well. Will go to business first thing in the morning. ALBERT."

Th' one to Amy, wor ommost as short.

LUNDUN.

"MY DARLING LITTLE WIFE,—Arrived safe, and as happy as circumstances will permit. I enclose Ten pounds and will send more soon. Keep your spirits up, all will come right. Be sure and guard our secret from everybody. I will soon be with you again.

With all the love that its possible for you to conceive.

Believe me to be Your true and faithful HUSBAND,

ALBERT."

But ther wor much excitement i'th' village. A meetin wor called bi th' deacons to consider a charge ov gross immorality made against one o'th' members. Th' little chapel had niver had as monny fowk in it at one time befor. Th' deacons sat i'th' front pew, wi long faces an a luk ov horror on em. When th' pastor tuk his place ther wor a silence as if a sentence o' deeath wor to be pronounced. After a minnit ov silent prayer he axt,—

"Who are the accusers in this matter and who is the accused?"

It wor quite a while befor onnybody spake, but at last a long faced scantimonious man stood up an sed,—"Dearly beloved Brothers an Sisters, yo all know what a scandal ther's been i'th' village abaat awr errin sister 'at plays th' organ at theas sarvices. Aw know nowt abaat it misen, nobbut what aw've heeard, but its time this sanctuary wor clenched. An may God have mercy on her sinful soul."

"That is no evidence," sed th' pastor. "Has anyone else anything to say?" Agean ther wor a long wait, then another stood up.

"Dear brothers an sisters, awm like my christian friend 'at's just spokken, an all aw have to say is 'at whear ther's smook ther's fire cloise at hand, an may the Lord have mercy on her." "Amen, amen," sed several.

"Will some one who has a charge to make please speak," sed th' pastor.

A sister jumt up an in a laad voice sed, "It's disgraceful! awve seen her walkin aght wi Mister Albert Boothroyd after 8 o'clock at neet, hookin arms wi him, brassen hussy at shoo is! an aw've watched em to her door, an when he's bid her gooid neet he's lifted his hat to her as if shoo'd been a lady!—What do yo think o' sich gooins on as that? Whear does shoo get her fine clooas throo? Whear do all harlots get ther fine clooas throo? If we dooant know we can guess. A gentleman like Mister Albert Boothroyd does't walk aght wi a strumpet like her, for shoo's nowt else, nobbut for what he can get. It's a shame an aw for one willn't put up wi it. Aw've three dowters o' mi own at work at th' same factry, an they connet dress like her, an aw hoop at a just God 'll rive em off her back. Awm a christian woman an awm net gooin to have my Sundy devotions spoilt wi lukkin at sich-like. Aw say turn her aght for Christ sake, Amen."

"This is a most lamentable occasion," sed th' Pastor. "So far no charge has been made against the sister, and the remarks of the last speaker grieve me more than I can express. Let us all remember that there is such a thing as Christian Charity an try to practice it. Is there anyone here who has known our unfortunate sister, who can speak to her character?"

"Aw can!" thundered a voice from one of the back seats, and all eyes were at once turned in that direction. "Aw've known Amy Smith sin shoo wor a little lass i' short frocks. Shoo's worked for me for years, shoo is to-day, an shoo allus has been th' best an cleeanest lass who iver coom into th' factry, an aw say it, believin it to be true, ther isn't another i'th' village 'at's worthy to black her boots. An as to my lad, aw defy all th' world to say a true word agean his character. He's a honest man like his father, an onny man here 'at's owt to say abaat him had better say it to him, an God help him! That's all aw have to say."

This caused no slight commotion, for Mister Boothroyd, although niver takkin onny pairt i'th' church management, wor known to be th' richest member o'th' congregation, an his gifts wor what kept th' church together.

Th' pastor stood up agean :—"I think," he sed, "the best thing we can do is to adjourn this meeting indefinitely,—in the meantime I will see the sister, and if possible get such explanation from her as will disprove the, I feel sure, false accusations." He then left the chair and the meeting dispersed.

But it did not end here. The only result bein that she was still regarded as one defiled, and the pastor himself to be looked upon as an aider and abetter in her sin. Poor Amy was very miserable, for she was very lonely, even her neighbours passed her by as a leper.

Mister Boothroyd called to see her, and in his bluff, rough way tried to comfort her.

"Has my son behaved straight forrad an honorably to thi?" he axt.

"Yes, sir, your son has always treated me as a gentleman should."

"Awm sewer on it! he's a gentleman ivvery inch on him, like his father."

The pastor also called, but he could not obtain any positive information from her, her reply was always the same, "Time will tell," still he firmly believed in her innocence and scarce knew what to do. In his dilemma he decided to seek advice from an old pastor, who had long been a friend of his, and lived in a distant village. When he had made his errand known, his friend sed, "I can give you some pleasant information, but you must promise me not to make any public use of it, until I give you permission." So saying, he reached down a book and read, "On the — of — was married in this sanctuary, Albert Boothroyd, Bachelor, to Amy Smith, Spinster, by the Rev. C— D—, in presence of John B—, and Rachel F—, Witnesses.

On the evening of Friday, Mr. Boothroyd was seated in his office at the factry, when he was surprised by the entrance of his son, whose three months absence had expired.

"My dear lad! back once moor."

"Dear Dad, here I am, and these papers, I hope, will prove satisfactory."

"Papers! Be hang'd to papers! business can wait till morning; Goa to yond lass as sharp as tha can, shoo's freeatin."

Albert needed noa second tellin. When they met, tears of joy and love started to their eyes, and for some time neither spoke. As he held her to his breast, she told him how she had suffered, and he upbraided himself until her lips closed his mouth. The door opened and in came his father.

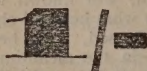
"Father, allow me to present you to my wife."

"Oh! That's thy little game is it? Well, tha knows what aw tell'd thi. If tha wed withaat my consent, tha'd loise hawf thi fortun, an awm a man o' mi word. One hawf tha shall have an noa moor; tother hawf aw shall leav to my dowter-i'-law, Amy."

On Saturday night, another meetin of the deacons was called, and the whole matter explained, and on Sunday, Albert and his wife attended chapel, and received the congratulations of the members. Amy still plays the organ at the chapel.

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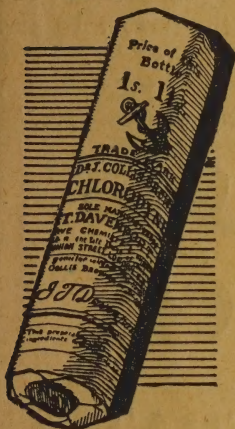
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